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THE PALACE.

FROM "EGYPT," AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Dimly the crimsons of the fiery West
Stole through a mullioned window, richly draped
With royal purples, heavily fringed with gold,
And looped with stars of burning amethyst,
From which, down-sweeping, like a twilight rain,
The velvets surged in darkly-gleaming waves
Along the gorgeous carpets, weirdly wrought
In looms of Persian magic. Crystal lamps,
Veiled to a starry softness in the gloom
Of lofty niches, from the pearly spheres
Of thin rose-attar fed, delicious flames,
Sent o'er the swaying shadows of the room
Pale gleams of radiance, that, floating on
Like fairy boats across enchanted seas,
Stranded upon the white brow of a Dian,
Or the flushed bosom of Olympian Hebe,
Pouring in vine-wreathed cups the wine of Gods!
Sometimes these wandering barks, with noiseless prows
Touched the veined chapiers of the fluted columns,
On the black base of a grim Hercules,
And struck sharp, golden fire out of their gloom.
Dimly the hues of the deep sunset streamed
And glittered on the massive Grecian coils
Of raven hair that crowned a stately head
Of Cleopatric loveliness and pride;
And o'er the glorious brow and sunny cheek
The radiance trembled like a wave of fire
Rippling among the coral and pale shells
Of some far island of the wild south seas!
Proud Egypt Hastings—burying one lithe arm
In the sleek splendor of a leopard's skin,
The other flung across her silent harp—
Sat with her rare carved lips, like o'er-ripe cherries,
Softly apart, quaffing the shadowy odor
Of Indian spices, burning in a vase
Of antique alabaster, quaintly carved
In idyls born of many an opiate brain
Beside the fiery Tigris. And the deep
And passionate eyes! Night hath no splendid star,
Nor ocean gem, to liken their wild lustre
And beauty to. Beneath the haughty brows,
"Arched like an Arab's," the weird splendors shone,
Defying art to paint or lip to sing
The arrowy lightnings raging through their glooms.
Sometimes beneath the heavy drooping lids
There stole a sudden light of tenderness,
Tempering the tropic glory of her face
To grace approachable. A mournful smile,
The lingering shadow of some vanished pain,
Nestled amid the roses of her lips,
Or swept in waves of dimples o'er the cheeks,
Dusky as Italy 'neath her twilight skies.

Without, the sullen music of the sea
Broke in long tides of thunder on the beach,
Rocking the groves of myrtle like a wind:
Within, the tinkling murmur of a lute
Sprinkled the air with drops of liquid sound,
Sweet as the fabled dews of Helicon,
And soothing as the lull of distant fountains;
A low, young voice, rich as a nightingale's,
Wove with the lute's liquescent melody
The golden legend of some happy love.

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.

From Heidelberg to Frankfurt we went in the misty morning, past the Sea of Rocks; past the dark leafy Odenwald; past the sunny Bergstrasse and the little stagnant capital of the duchy of Hesse Darmstadt.

The sunny Bergstrasse! This "road of mountains," as the Germans poetically name it, is an undulating chain of hills, cultivated in fields, orchards, and vineyards up almost to the summits, and crowned, like Indian chiefs, with solemn plumes of the fir and pine. At the feet of these hills lie little white villages with heaven-pointing spires, and yellow corn-stacks, and pillars of blue smoke rising up into the "pageantry of mist" which hangs in fantastic billowy wreaths low down the sides of the mountains. Here, also, are fields of pink poppies, maize, wheat and potatoes—wooded bluffs, and dark green hollows—steep ravines, and slopes of radiant green, and towers, and streamlets crossed by rude wooden bridges, and feeding cattle, and rustic gardens, and foaming mill-streams turning busy wheels, and yoked oxen bending their proud heads to the earth before the steady plough. A fairy fertile region—a land of corn and wine! And past here, with the beautiful Bergstrasse on our right, and the broad, sandy, flat Rhine-valley, with the river winding far away, and the summits of Mont Tonnerre and the Vosges mountains dimly showing through the distance on the left, we went from feudal Heidelberg to the "ancient imperial free city" on the river main, where Luther lived, and where Goethe was born. That fair, fine city of Frankfurt, where the houses are so white and high, and the public streets so broad and busy; where the shops are so gay and the women so fair, and where the slates on the roofs are shaped like fishes' scales.

It was a sultry sunny day, that first day of our arrival in Frankfurt; and when we returned to our hotel, after seeing the Romer, with its kingly portrait gallery, the public library near the Ober Main Thor, and the monument of the Emperor Gunther von Schwartzburg in the old cathedral, we were too warm and too weary to do anything but sit smoking beside the open window till summoned down by the pealing bell to that second and later meal which is provided in most German hotels for such foreign visitors as object to the national mid-day dinner.

Our apartment overlooked the broad Zeil, all thronged with carriages and promenaders, and looking like a Parisian *boulevard* without the trees. It was to me a new and cheerful scene. Here were elegant loungers, and travellers with the guide-book in their hands; and sun-burnt peasant-women selling cherries by the road-side. Boyish soldiers of the town-guard, with their dull gray and green uniforms and their round hats surmounted by bunches of cock's feathers, went sauntering by, arm in arm, clanking their spurs. Luxurious private carriages, belonging to the merchant princes of the city, dashed past, raising the dust in clouds. Humble yellow calèches, indicative of hotel-stables, ambled along, filled with smiling and admiring tourists. Sometimes a red railway omnibus went by, with its two gaunt horses, and its bearded conductor, who paused and rings a bell as he nears every hotel by the way—sometimes a dark, keen-looking Hebrew, from the neighborhood of the Judengasse, glided gravely through the crowd; and once a troop of glittering cavalry, with helm and breastplate flashing back the sunlight, rode down the street to ringing sounds of brazen music.

Pleasant to me, oh, Frankfurt! are the recollections of thy wealth, and thy dignity, and thy free stateliness, as thou sittest on the banks of the Main river, fair and beautiful, like Dorothea by the brook-side in the Brown Mountain.

The table d'hote of the Baierscher Hof was attended chiefly by English and French visitors, with a sprinkling of Germans and a small knot of Polish Jews, who congregated together at one extremity of the table, and talked loudly and unintelligibly during the whole period of the dinner. These gentlemen wore each a scrap of red ribbon at the button-hole, and were called by the waiters Lord Baron and Lord Count, notwithstanding that their jewelry looked somewhat questionable, and that their linen might have been washed with considerable advantage.

When the second course of that hopelessly incongruous ceremony, a German dinner, had just been removed, a gentleman came hastily into the room and took a seat which had been left vacant at the table just opposite my own. I say a gentleman, because, despite the poverty of his attire, there was an air of faded gentility about the appearance of the new-comer that seemed to entitle him to the appellation. He wore an old brown frock-coat, buttoned nearly to the throat, and trimmed with ragged braid across the breast; and in his black stock, a small pearl brooch enclosing a lock of dark hair. He was very thin and stooped much, and his hands were yellow and spare, like those of a sick man. His hair and moustache were thick and quite gray; and his face, as he looked up, bore that peculiar expression, so worn and so sorrowful, such as we see given to the martyrs in the old painting by Van Eyck and Wilhelm of Cologne. It was a remarkable face—so remarkable that, after gazing upon it in silence for a few moments, I could not forbear observing it to my friend beside me. I should not have called him a plain man—on the contrary, his nose and mouth were somewhat delicately shaped; and yet the skin seemed drawn so tightly over every feature that the cartilage of the nose showed whitely beneath, and the lips were shrunken so as partially to expose the teeth within, which were irregular, firm, and glittering. His forehead was particularly massive, and projected in two knots above the eyes, causing them to look deep-sunken and glowing, like a lurid fire in the depths of a dark cavern. Added to this, his whole complexion wore one dull, unhealthy, sallow hue—his actions were nervous, trembling, and eager—the tones of his voice high and querulous—his glances rapid, furtive, and suspicious. I also noticed that he devoured the dishes, as they were placed before him, with a quick voracity that I felt shocked to witness.

"Look at our opposite neighbor," I whispered, softly; "can you not read a long story of privation and anxiety in that poor fellow's pallid countenance?"

Seabrook looked up. A sudden flash of surprise and recognition passed over his face.

"I know him," he said, in a low tone. "His name is Fletcher. He is an Englishman—a strange, eccentric creature, of wild and irregular habits; but a real genius."

"A genius—in what?"

"In music. He plays the organ and violin—composes the wildest and most wondrous laments, fantasias, and caprices, that ear ever heard—lives the most restless, wretched life on earth—eats opium, and is killing himself inch by inch, day by day, in the pursuit of that fatal intoxication. I used to meet him constantly in Vienna, about a couple of years since, at the houses of two or three musical friends, and we became tolerably well acquainted. I will speak to him."

And he bent forward and addressed to him some brief words of ordinary civility. The musician looked up hastily. He seemed startled and confused.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said, nervously, "for not having observed you before. I hope you are quite well. It is a fine day, but they say we shall have rain. Have you been to the theatre much? This is a very bad dinner—red currant jelly with salmon—faugh! Do you like the German wines? Rudesheimer is the best. Have you been long here? I have been here two months; but I leave to-morrow. Going to Ems. I have been conducting the band at the Main-lust; but this will be my last evening. Will you come round and hear us?"

There was an anxious rapidity and incoherence in this man's conversation that was to me unaccountably distressing. His words and ideas came hurrying forth, one after the other, without connexion or pause; and when he had ceased speaking, it seemed rather that he relapsed into some previous train of silent thought than that he waited for a reply.

"I should like to hear your music very much," said Seabrook; "and I am sure my friend would also. Let me introduce you; Monsieur Latour—Mr. Fletcher."

He bowed, almost without looking at me, and went on.

"Do not expect too much. The band is only tolerable; but the Frankfurt Choral Society sing to-night. They will amuse you. Have you ever been to the Main-lust? It is an odd place. You sit under the trees and drink coffee while we play to you. Don't touch this calf's head—it's intolerable. By the way, you have tasted sourkrout? Schroder is dead. You remember Schroder—he is to take the tenor in the quartetts. Are you lodging at this hotel? We can go down to the gardens together, after dinner. It is now four, and at five we begin."

He relapsed into a dull silence, bent over his plate, and, when Seabrook again spoke to him, seemed not to hear.

Almost as silently, he conducted us, when the meal was over, to the concert-gardens called the Main-lust, just beyond the town. Here the most respectable of the citizens repair with their families, and, sitting beneath the leafy roof formed by the close-planted trees, have coffee and ices, and even suppers, in the grounds. The gentlemen amuse themselves with pistol and rifle-shooting in a gallery set apart for that purpose, and there is a circular kiosque for the band. The ladies read and knit; the children sit by demurely, listening to the music and eating cakes; and the waiters glide about, silent and attentive, with little badges on their arms. A large hulk is moored beside the garden—for it abuts on the river, just in view of the city spires—and on this hulk a sort of arch is erected, all hung round with evergreens and colored lamps, and surmounted by a bust of Mozart. Desks are placed here for the singers, and it is all fenced round by trellis-work, and flowers, and Chinese lanterns, and gay flags and streamers. Here the Choral Society, some thirty gentlemen in all, assemble presently, and the evening passes pleasantly away between alternate vocal and instrumental pieces. They sing well, and their voices come richly to us from the river. Then it grows dusk and the moon rises. The colored lamps are lit, and the light from them—blue, green, and red—falls, with a curious effect, upon the faces of the singers. Mr. Fletcher conducts in the orchestra; but we cannot see him from where we sit beneath the close avenues. Well dressed people promenade through the garden walks; and numbers of tiny pleasure boats, filled by young men and maidens, come stealing softly round the singers in the river—some with a twinkling lamp suspended at the prow, which casts a light upon the ripples of their progress. The bridge close by is likewise crowded with listeners; and the boys from the town, in their blue blouses, come climbing up the shrubby banks, with the true German love for that art which has been called "the poetry of sound."

Thus the cool hours glide; and, by and by, the gay company, the flitting pleasure-boats, the loiterers on the bridge, disperse their several ways, and the gardens are deserted. The singers mingle with their friends in the departing crowd—the musicians in the kiosque pack away their instruments—the waiters go round, extinguishing the lights and collecting the empty glasses. Mr. Fletcher joins us where we are waiting for him near the entrance, and we all go out together into the blank, silent streets.

As we passed the doors of the theatre, we saw the bill-stickers busily placarding the programmes for the following evening.

"Look here!" cried Seabrook. "There is to be a performance to-morrow night! 'Der Freischutz,' by all that's glorious! We must go, Paul! See, The Engagement of Madame Vogelsang, in letters half a foot long! Who is Madame Vogelsang? Does anybody know?"

We both turned towards Fletcher for a reply. He had been conversing gayly but a moment before, yet now he stood still and silent. The light from the street-lamp fell full upon his face. He was very pale, and his lips quivered convulsively. He caught my arm, as if for support, and I felt him trembling.

"*Mon Dieu!*" I cried, involuntarily. "You are ill!"

He shook his head—subdued his emotion by a strong effort—relinquished his hold upon my arm—drew his hat down upon his brow—and, without a word of reply, turned abruptly away, and dashed down a neighboring street. In a moment he was out of sight, and we were left standing together by the theatre door, in mute amazement.

"A most eccentric man!" exclaimed Seabrook, drawing a long breath as we resumed our way. "I always fancied that he was half-cracked, and I do not suppose that drinking and opium-eating have done any service to his brains!"

CHAPTER X.

CURES.

"I really believe, Norman, that you, familiar as you are with the pleasures of cities, feel more anticipation and enjoyment this evening than I, who have not witnessed a theatrical performance more than thrice in my life."

I was tempted to say this, on seeing the buoyant exhilaration of his manner and countenance as he surveyed the house through his lorgnette, and gazed impatiently towards the drop curtain.

"'Der Freischutz' is my favorite opera," he replied, smiling. "I enjoy the wild deviltry of the legend; and, above all, I delight in the picturesque music of Weber. He has all the science of Spohr, and more than the sweetness of Rossini."

"The part of Caspar is immensely powerful."

"Immensely! I could listen to the drinking song for a whole evening, and to the low, fitful music of the incantation-scene, with its muttering thunders and grotesque imagery. I have often thought that the part of Zamiel might be made more striking by the performers in a dramatic point of view, for—"

My friend's criticism was arrested by the opening chords of the overture, and from this moment he became entirely absorbed in the progress of the performance. We occupied a small box near the stage, whence we could see the actors closely: but whence, also, we suffered under the disadvantage of witnessing somewhat too much of the "business" of the *coulisses*. This was particularly annoying to Seabrook, who, faithful to his love of complete enjoyment, regretted the lost illusion of the scenery.

"I prefer," said he, "to be for the time utterly deceived. I do not wish to see that Zamiel's nose is false, and that Caspar wears a wig. I would rather believe that yonder pale spectres have just arisen, shuddering, from the Tartarean gulfs, than watch them drinking beer at the sides, out of sight of the audience. There ought to be no sideseats in a theatre. There should not be, were I the architect."

Accompanied by such brief remarks on music and the stage, the piece went on. Like all German performances, it was conscientiously rendered. The band played as one instrument; the chorus sang as one man; but, with the exception of the *prima donna*, the principal performers were little beyond mediocrity. The scenery, too, was faded and worn—the dresses dingy—the house far from cleanly. Yet it was crowded—crowded from pit to gallery with earnest listeners—lit by close rows of eager upturned faces. Madame Vogelsang, it would seem, was the attraction to the good townspeople of Frankfurt. Madame Vogelsang, whose name had been placarded in letters half a foot long, and of whom Norman Seabrook had never heard.

And here let me pause for some moments, that I may briefly describe this woman as I then saw her for the first time.

Therese Vogelsang was already past the bloom of her first youth. She might then have been, perhaps, thirty or thirty-two years of age; and, in place of the slight proportions of early beauty, her superb figure, had attained all the majestic grace and fulness of a Juno's. She was somewhat above the middle height. Her head was noble—her arms were the whitest and loveliest I had ever beheld—her dark hair was gathered in abundant braids around her serene and stately brow. There was something very dignified in her look, her bearing, her walk, in the very movements of her hands—something statuesque in her repose, her action, her every attitude. But her face, her lovely face, with its dark, languishing brown eyes, so soft and dangerous—her mouth, so full and so alluring—her rounded cheeks, her small, straight nose, her smile, like the syren-smile of Italian Circe—of all these I have not yet spoken—of these I weep to speak, even to think.

Woe is me that this pen should have to trace the record, oh, Songstress, of thy most fatal beauty!

Her voice, like her person, was full, voluptuous, infinitely sweet and powerful. Its luscious tones, alternately tender and commanding, had a thrilling and peculiar accent, which left what is in French called a *retentissement* in the hearts of her hearers. Her love-accents, so tremulously sustained and touching, seemed to vibrate in one's very soul—her tears, stage-tears though they were, moved the inmost sympathies of one's nature. Looking at her, you felt yourself in a dream—listening to her, you fancied yourself in Elysium.

I do not exaggerate her fascinations. Indeed, I describe them almost in the very words of my friend, and of many others who subsequently felt them.

"What a glorious woman!" exclaimed Seabrook more than once during the evening. "What a regnant head! There is something in her glance that seems almost to take my breath away! Did you ever see such eyes—such a smile? She looks just like some Phidian Venus warmed into life!"

And such, truly, was the character of her beauty; warm, life-like, sensual; the perfection of mortality. In strict accordance with the genius of Greek art, there was the uttermost refinement of personal loveliness: the luxurious repose which veils strong physical energy; the outer calm which half reveals the inner passion. One thing alone was wanting, and wanting that, I found all the rest blank and unalluring. Need I say that that one thing was Soul? Yes—from the very first, that flaw in the diamond, that dark stain upon the marble, was plain to me. I saw in her only the Mortal-Beautiful—perhaps the Sinful-Beautiful. I missed that spiritual glory which I have sought and worshipped during all the years of my life—which has shone out upon me from less beautiful, but dearer eyes—which, in God's Heaven, lights the foreheads of the angels!

The opera progressed, amid the acclamations of the audience, to a conclusion, and at last the curtain fell. A tempest of applause burst forth from all parts of the house—the pit rose simultaneously—the name of "Vogelsang" was shouted enthusiastically by hundreds of voices; by none more rapturously and loudly than that of Norman Seabrook. After some delay the drop-curtain was moved aside—the hurricane redoubled—the vocalist once more stepped before the audience.

Her stage costume was thrown aside, and she wore a robe of plain black velvet, which became her beauty and complexion ten times better than the former dress. Her cheek was flushed with pleasure—she smiled—she advanced to the footlights—she clasped her hands upon her breast, half deprecatingly, half joyfully—her eyes wandered around the house with an indescribably fascinating expression—she bent lower and lower—she gathered up the flowers that fell around her on every side, and pressed them alternately to her lips and to her heart.

How strange it was, but in the midst of that tumult, while every eye was directed to the stage; while Norman, flushed and excited, was leaning forward from the box, applauding frantically; while the very players in the orchestra were joining in the general *furore*, I was tempted, by some sudden and inexplicable impulse, to turn all at once and look round at the box-door behind us!

Not vainly! not vainly—for there, there, pressed closely against the little window in the door, and staring wildly forward at the smiling singer, I saw a ghastly face—a face distorted by passion and pale rage—the face of Fletcher!

For an instant I could not speak, so unexpected and strange was the apparition. Then a smothered exclamation broke from my lips—I seized my friend by the arm—I pointed to the door, and, even as I spoke, the face glided suddenly away and disappeared.

"Fletcher—the musician—look!"

It was all I could say.

"Where? what do you mean? Who?" asked Seabrook, impatiently.

I made no reply, but, rushing to the door, opened it, and looked into the lobby. There was not a soul there. I listened; but the noise from the house would have drowned the sound of his footsteps, even had they then been echoing along the corridor.

One of the box keepers was coming up the stairs. I ran to him, and asked if a gentleman, a pale thin gentleman, had passed him on the way? No one had passed him, he was convinced. Was there a gentleman, answering to my description, in any private box on this tier? Not one.

"What is all this?" interrupted my friend, hastily. "What are you saying about Fletcher? Why did you run away just as the Vogelsang was before the curtain?"

"Fletcher was looking through our box door!"

"Nonsense! He is gone to Ems."

"I swear I saw him; and looking terrible, glaring, almost unearthly!" Seabrook burst into a laugh.

"Pooh, my dear Paul!" he said gaily, passing his arm through mine, and leading me back towards the box. "You will next fancy that you have seen a ghost! It was a delusion, and nothing else. Poor Fletcher is far enough from Frankfurt to-night, and at the dullest place in all Germany. I hate Ems—that is to say, I hate the people who go there. The spot itself is a paradise; but it is also an hospital. You see none but invalids and physicians wherever you go. No, no, you did not see Fletcher; take my word for it. Hark! they are beginning again. Let us go back and see the ballet."

CHAPTER XI.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

"And is it possible, Seabrook, that you do not admire this place? It seems to me almost a paradise!"

It was evening time. We were sitting together on the verge of one of those precipitous wooded hills which enclose the little watering-place of Ems on every side. Far below us extended the public gardens; the avenues of chestnut trees and lindens; the Kurhaus, with its white facade stretching beside the water; the long, irregular row of hotels and lodging-houses which constitute the town. Calmly and brightly, glassing the green shadows of the hills and the white clouds overhead, flowed the Lahn river, child of the Rhine. Crowds of gay company were promenading along the banks; strolling up and down the light-roofed suspension bridge; lingering round the band in the garden-pavillion; or eating ices under the trees.

Along the winding road at the foot of the mountains there passed sometimes an open carriage; sometimes a troop of donkeys, accompanied by their liveried drivers with blue blouses and red-trimmed caps; sometimes a little band of peasants singing together, and laden with fruits and vegetables for the market. Now an artist trudged wearily by with sketch-book and folio, returning from his diurnal labor. Now a single horse came wading up the very middle of the shallow river, towing a barge.

Below was life and animation—above and around us, infinite quiescence. And through houses nestled here and there along its banks; and boats moored under willows; and evening bathers in among the rushes; and little foaming weirs; and water mills; and knots of white and amber lilies nodding with its current—lay the river, shut in by mountains and hills, with the soft fleecy haze of the coming night spreading slowly over all.

Seabrook looked up smiling.

"I never said that I did not admire the place," he replied; "I only told you that it was monotonous; that it was peopled by pale-faced invalids, and ruined gamblers, and fashionable physicians; and that I detested it heartily. You are walking, perhaps, in the gardens—you see an elegant couple sitting together in an arbor, and you please yourself with fancying some little love romance. Ten to one, on drawing nearer, but that the gentleman, who seemed to you to be gently pressing the fair hand of the object of his affections, is feeling her pulse all the time, and that she is just drawing forth her purse to tender him his fee! The doctors hold their *séances* in the open air, and consult with their patients to the accompaniment of the band. You wander in the vicinity of the Kurhaus, and every person you meet carries a colored-glass tumbler or a silver goblet in one hand. These are on their way to the springs. All the world is ill or getting better; drinks the waters or bathes in them; diets rigidly at the table d'hote; takes exercise in an invalid chair, and sees a favorite physician at least once in every day. Defend me, oh Common Sense, from all such humbug!"

"But if the people are really ill, and come hither in search of health——" I urged, gravely.

"No such thing!" interrupted my friend, with an impatient gesture. "Not the tenth part of them all anything at all. It is the fashion to be ill here—*voila tout!* People make acquaintances at the springs, and through their medical attendants. They condole with each other, and sickness forms the staple resource of all their conversation. Without something is the matter with you, you can get no sympathy, no society—if you are an invalid, you have every chance of spending your three months very pleasantly. A liver-complaint is a sure introduction, and you find a galloping consumption an immediate passport to the best circles."

We went down by a winding path, crossed the suspension bridge, and mingled with the promenaders in the gardens. We saw Fletcher in the kiosque, conducting the band; but he was occupied with the music, and did not recognize us among the bystanders. Like the rest, he wore a heavy brass helmet and a fantastic uniform, and I know not whether it was the effect of illness or of his unusual costume, but he seemed to me paler, sterner, and more haggard than ever.

They were playing a selection from the "Euryanthe" of Weber when we arrived, and as soon as the last chord was struck, we made our way up to his desk and addressed him.

He started, held out his hand, drew it back, held it out again and shook ours nervously.

"How do you do?" said he, in his old quick, incoherent way. "This is quite a surprise. Have you been on the Rhine? Ems is a gay place. Where do you live? Have you been long here? The waters are very bitter."

"We only arrived this morning," replied Seabrook, "and we are staying for the present at the Hotel d'Angleterre."

"Very dear hotel. What do you say to our band? Wretched set this year. The King of Wurtemberg is in the gardens to-night. Are you from Frankfurt direct, or did you stay at Coblenz? This is pretty scenery. Fond of ruins? I am not. The Rhine is greatly overrated. So is Goethe. Have you been down to the springs? It's like going into a vault. See that dark man yonder—Mazzini. He's talking to the Princess Von Hohenhausen. Plenty of celebrities. Of course you've seen the Conversation Haus?"

In conversing with Fletcher, I always made it a rule to reply to the last thing said, since it was hopeless to think of disentangling the particolored threads of his wandering ideas; so I told him that I was at present such a stranger as not to know where the Conversation Haus was to be found—nay, I was even ignorant of what its purport and uses might be.

"It's a part of the Kursaal. A set of showy rooms—cafe, ball-room, and gaming-rooms. It all belongs to the Grand Duke. Seventy and eighty thousand florins are lost there annually by play. We call the hazard tables the Duke's treasury. He also lets lodgings at the Alte Kurhaus. Quite a commercial prince. Poor as a mouse. Hush! We have to play now. Last piece. We'll go to the rooms when it is over."

We went down again, and waited for him at the back of the kiosque while the band performed Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" from the "Midsummer Night's Dream." By the time that it was over, the gay company had almost deserted the gardens; the shades of evening had closed in and darkened all the landscape; some stars were out in the clear sky; and a flood of warm light glowed from the windows of the Conversation Haus. Then the musician rejoined us, and we followed him to the rooms. He had laid aside his helmet and braided coat, and as he walked along with his hat in his hand, letting the cool breeze play upon his brow, I fancied that the think grey hair looked somewhat thinned, and the care-worn brow more deeply furrowed than when we parted with him at Frankfurt a few weeks before. Besides this, his conversation seemed more disjointed and wandering. He frequently

paused in the middle of a sentence; sometimes in the middle of a word. Often he spoke as if in reply to his own thoughts; and still oftener, as though his mind were occupied on other matters and his tongue a mere mechanical agent uttering commonplace observations, with which his powers of reflection were totally unconnected.

At the door of the Kursaal we found knots of visitors talking and smoking; little bands of promenaders from the gardens strolling up and down the colonnade; and in the empty ball-room several gentlemen reading the newspapers of the day.

"But where are the gaming-tables?" asked my friend.

The musician pointed to an open door at the farther end of the apartment, through which several persons were passing and repassing, and whence a busy hum, accompanied by an occasional clicking noise, was distinctly audible.

We entered. The atmosphere was warm and oppressive—the blaze of gas intolerable—the crowd of lookers-on so great, that for several minutes we could get no further than the door. All were thronging round one long table which almost filled the room, and no one spoke save in low whispers. Presently a slight movement arose near us. A gentleman came out, and Fletcher took advantage of the moment to make a way for us to the front-rank next the table.

The players only were sitting. They were of all ages and both sexes. Some of them had pieces of card, which they pricked occasionally with a pin, according to the progress of the game. Many had little piles of gold and silver; rouleaux sealed at either end; and packets of yellow Prussian notes lying beside them. All looked serious and interested; but there were none of those violent emotions of which we read in books, depicted in their countenances. They won and lost with the best-bred composure, and the stakes upon the table varied from half a dollar to twenty gold pieces at a time. Four elderly, respectable-looking men, occupying raised seats at the centre of the table, were the bank-company. One of these dealt the cards—the others paid and received the money. Each pack of cards, as soon as it had been once dealt, was thrown into a well sunk in the table, just in front of the dealer.

The scene was utterly new to me. I looked round from face to face with untiring curiosity, and saw the gold changing hands without in the least comprehending the laws of the game. Opposite to me sat an old lady, very highly rouged, and decked in artificial flowers and false jewelry. She had a cunning eye, and on her lips a fixed smile. I observed that she always won. Next to her a sallow boy leaned forward upon both elbows, now and then hazarding a ten-franc piece which he drew from his waistcoat-pocket. Further on, a dark handsome man and his wife sat side by side, drawing their stakes from a heap of money between them, and adding to their store with every venture. Just at my elbow I noticed a young and well-dressed woman who watched the cards with affected indifference, putting down a florin every time and losing invariably. Others there were whose fortune seemed to fluctuate, but none in whom those fluctuations produced any visible emotion.

I could not help remarking this to my friend. He smiled.

"Your observation," he said, "proves to me that you have never before visited a place of the kind. It is only in novels that ruined gamblers rush wildly from the tables, with distraction in their faces. Here a man will lose his last florin with a smile which looks, at least, sufficiently natural. Your real *habitue* is perfect master of his countenance, and would scorn to betray himself, even by a gesture. In fact, he rather seeks to reverse the ordinary course of matters; for he smiles when he loses, and looks indifferent when he wins."

"And what game are they now playing?"

"Rouge-et-noir. Will you hazard a thaler or two?"

"Not I. In the first place, gambling possesses no attraction for me; and in the second, I cannot even fathom the rules by which they play. They all seem to me to do the same thing, and yet how different are the results to each person! What is the reason that—"

"Hush!" interrupted Seabrook, plucking me by the arm and speaking in a hurried whisper. "Look there! My life on it, but this man's a gambler!"

I turned, and saw Fletcher in the act of lifting a couple of silver dollars from the table. His cheek was flushed, and his eager eye fixed upon the dealer. The old lady opposite staked two gold pieces, and won. A half-smile flitted over his lips—he replaced his two dollars on the board—the color proved favorable, and his little capital was instantly doubled. Again he tried, and again he was successful. The next time he ventured all, and with the same result.

Seabrook and I exchanged glances, but we were too much concerned to speak. We stood by, silently observing him; and he, evidently, had lost every recollection of our presence.

Presently a seat became vacant just where he stood. He slipped into it mechanically, as it were; exchanged a glance of recognition with a gentleman sitting on his left, and went on playing.

For a long time we remained there, watching him. His success was not invariable, for he lost once or twice; but he was, on the whole, a considerable winner. At length the weary sameness of the scene, the hot glare, the oppressive silence, and the still more oppressive atmosphere, fatigued and annoyed me. I made a sign to Seabrook, and he followed me from the room; but, as I went, I cast a last glance at the musician, and I saw that his two dollars had by this time multiplied to thirty or forty, among which gleamed some five or six yellow Friedrichs-d'or.

Quite silently we went out arm in arm, through the empty ball-room, along the deserted garden walks, and out upon the bridge, where the white moonlight slept upon the river, and where one or two romantic couples were yet loitering to and fro.

Seabrook was the first to speak.

"Upon my soul," said he, gravely, "I am very sorry for what we have seen to-night—the more so, as I believe this infatuation to be a recent thing."

"Recent!" I echoed. "On the contrary, I should say that it had been the practice of years. See how haggard, how nervous, how absent the man is; and what more likely to make him so than the gaming-table? Depend upon it, he is well known at all the Brunnen in Germany!"

My companion shook his head.

"I have seen more of life than you, Paul," said he, "and have studied the 'dimensions, senses, passions, and affections' of mankind more attentively. I repeat that Fletcher has not long been a gambler—nay, more, he is still in his novitiate. Did you not see how his hand shook when he took up his first gains from the table? How his cheek flushed as he proceeded? How terrified he looked when he thought the 'luck' was turning? How, when he was winning, he staked all that he had previously won, without reserving a single piece to carry on the war in case of loss? No habitual player would do this. No habitual player would watch the successful competitors as he does, staking upon their colors, and trusting to their good fortune rather than his own. No, no, *mon ami!* A true gambler has strong nerve, impassive features, self-reliance, and a 'theory' of his own respecting chances, numbers, and colors. Fletcher has none of this; and I dare wager a hundred Napoleons that his initiation into the mysteries of rouge-et-noir has dated solely from the period of his arrival at Ems."

"But are there no means by which we can save him?"

Seabrook shook his head again.

"I fear not," he replied sadly. "He is nervous, excitable, irritable to the last degree. Besides, what amount of resolution or self-denial can you expect from a confirmed opium eater? His power of control over his own inclinations is already gone—his nervous system is shattered—his mental and physical energy utterly weakened and broken down. The case, I fear, is hopeless; but we must see more of it before we pass judgment. Let us come here again to-morrow evening, and watch the progress of disease—for a disease it unquestionably is. After all, what is gaming but a kind of opium-eating? And who shall say which of the two is the more fatal intoxication?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For $5, *in advance*, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for one year.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Hewitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
Author of "The Scout."	Mrs. M. A. Denison.
	Author of "My Last Cruise."
	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

A TROUBLESOME WORD
ON A TROUBLESOME SUBJECT.

We find, upon looking over our account books, that a large amount of money is owing to us by a large number of subscribers. The amount in each case is small, but multiplied by thousands, it swells to a very considerable sum. We would therefore respectfully ask it as a *favor* of those who owe us, that, if not too inconvenient, they will sit down at once and remit the money. If they have mislaid their bills, or do not remember the exact amount of their indebtedness, they can come as near to it as possible, and we will forward a statement of the account as soon as we receive the letter. We dislike to trouble our friends in these columns with pecuniary matters, but, strange to say, not even so good a paper as THE POST can be carried on without money.

PLEASING PROSPECTS.—Peach-eaters may rejoice in the prospect of the crop this year. For example, it was found recently that a square of three miles near Woodville, N. J., would yield 20,000 baskets! Good for epicures.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 261—Adults 67, and children 194.

THE VEIL REMOVED.

Well, the veil at last is removed, and the great majority of the American press find themselves among the millions who have been duped by Louis Napoleon. The amount of simple faith—faith of the very *simplest* kind—manifested by the editorial fraternity of this country, should go far towards proving that the charge of excessive shrewdness and suspiciousness often brought against our national character, is the veriest slander. For our "able editors," almost universally, have been gulled—gulled by the professions of one whose whole course has been a systematic juggle—who has never hesitated to violate his word or his oath, when his ambitious ends were to be promoted thereby.

The Republic was to be maintained inviolate. The Presidency was to be handed unimpaired to his successor, at the end of the term to which he was elected. The Empire was to be Peace. Those who had seen all these promises deliberately violated in the course of a few years, placed perfect faith in the declaration that Italy should be free—"free to the Adriatic!"

The old proverb says, "If a man deceive thee once, it is his fault; if twice, it is thy own fault"—but Louis Napoleon had deceived again, and again, and again—and yet he found more believers in his last deceit than in his first. Who shall say that the element of credulity is fading away from human nature? Would that we could find more noble elements in that credulity—would that we could shut our eyes to the fact, that it was because the veil of the false prophet was silvered over with great success, that he was so foolishly believed in. But the veil is now torn aside—even by his own scornful hands; and we can almost hear this false leader say, with Mohanna in the story:—

"There, ye wise saints, behold your light, your star!
Ye *would* be dupes and victims—and ye *are*!"

Do we exaggerate? Here is what this liberator of Italy really does say to his Italian worshippers. It is a passage from his address to the French army:—

"Italy, henceforth mistress of her destinies, will only have *herself* to accuse, should she not progress regularly in order and freedom."

"Mistress of her destinies!" Why, the Confederation of Italy,—so far as at present appears—is not even yet formed. Austria has given her consent, *for* Venetia—the consent of Sardinia, we suppose, may be inferred, as she may now be considered almost a vassal of France—but the Pope may be intractable, and the King of Naples equally so. But, supposing that they should not be—and we do not see why they should—how will the game stand? Here is the list of States which, we suppose, will form

THE ITALIAN CONFEDERACY.

Pio Nono, Pope of Rome, (an absolute monarch,) Honorary President. What "*Honorary*" President means, we do not know.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, King of Venetia, (most absolute of monarchs.)

Francis II., King of Naples, and the Two Sicilies, (an absolute monarch.)

Victor Emmanuel II., King of Sardinia and Lombardy, (a Liberal, Constitutional monarch.)

Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, (an absolute monarch, an Austrian Archduke and vassal of Austria.)

Francis V., Duke of Modena, (an absolute monarch, an Austrian Archduke and vassal of Austria.)

Louisa, Duchess Regent of Parma, during the minority of her son Robert I., (an absolute monarch.)

Now, the vote in any Assembly representing this Confederation, must be according to States, or according to population—or the two elements may be combined, as in our own government. In any case, however, the absolute and Austrian influence would seem to predominate. For the Kingdom of Naples itself, which contains about the same population, we believe, as Sardinia, with Lombardy annexed, would balance the constitutional element—and the rulers of all the other States have absolutist tendencies. Moreover, the Pope, who is to be the Executive, it would seem, under the title of "Honorary President," is an absolutist also. Can any genuine representation of the *people* of Italy be expected in a Confederacy so constituted?

It has been frequently said of the House of Hapsburgh, that they were born to good luck. No matter what is the fortune of war, Austria is apt to come out of every contest in a better position than she went in. So it seems in the present case. If the above Confederation is established, the right of the House of Hapsburgh to interfere in the affairs of the whole of Italy, seems to be confirmed and strengthened to an extent which it did not even claim before the war. Austria, as the most powerful member of the Confederation, and possessing the sympathies of the other members with one exception, would seem to be placed in a position of pre-eminence in Italy, to which, one year ago, she could never have hoped to attain.

The war then, so far as Italian independence of Austria is concerned, seems to be even worse than a failure. The Italians of Tuscany, Modena and Parma, see themselves commanded to undo their revolutionary work, and quietly receive back again their exiled princes. Sardinia sees herself duped and scorned by the man on whom she had weakly relied. Cavour, mortified and indignant, throws up his office. Louis Napoleon has even disdained the common forms of courtesy towards Victor Emmanuel. Going into the war as the ally of Sardinia—he seems to have made peace without even the form of a consultation with his ally. In his telegram to the Empress, he speaks of the Emperor of Austria and "*myself*"—as if Victor Emmanuel were even too much of a nonentity to show a little decent respect for. He assigns Lombardy, bounded by the Mincio, to Sardinia, without saying to Lombardy "by your leave." He dictates an unnatural confederacy to the Italians, without consulting, as would appear, a single Italian upon the subject. Truly, in place of a King Log, the Italians find themselves with a King Stork—and thankful indeed may they be, if he and his followers leave them to their old incubus, departing as rapidly as they came. But they are not gone yet. Forty thousand, it is said, will remain—to see the provisions of the late treaty duly executed.

Does Louis Napoleon expect that this treaty will be tamely acquiesced in—that Sardinia will quietly take Lombardy, without the fortresses that might protect it—that Lombardy will acquiesce in the slicing off of a portion of her territory, and in her transfer to Sardinia—and that the remainder of Italy, set all afire by the promises of her Liberator that was to be, will now quietly smoulder down into this cut and dried Italian Confederacy? Or does he expect that this is but "the beginning of the end"—that the Italians, headed by Cavour and Garibaldi and Mazzini will not quietly acquiesce—and that there will be an opportunity for his strutting in anew upon the stage, in his other great *role* of Preserver of Order and Represser of Anarchy? If so, perhaps there may be even yet a necessity—for "necessity" is said to be "the tyrant's plea"—to organize a new kingdom in Italy, with Prince Napoleon on the throne; and, it may be, to oust the present King of Naples, and give his throne to Prince Murat. This would be to follow in the footsteps of the First Napoleon—a very important thing, it would seem, in the eyes of his nephew.

Has Austria agreed to these plans, in consideration of being allowed, at the proper moment, to swoop down from her four fortresses, and repossess herself again of Lombardy?

Or is Prussia to be the next victim of this Moloch, whose "empire is peace"—and is the French boundary to be again established on the Rhine? Or is the turn of England to come now, and Waterloo be "avenged;" and have Russia and Austria agreed to stand aside, that this quarrel also may be "localized," as it is termed?

Who knows! We only know one thing, that when a man has made up his mind to play falsely, and to sacrifice or serve either friend or enemy, as may best comport with the interests of the moment, there is no plan so wild that he may not adopt it. One thing, however, is certain, in such cases, that sooner or later, he must fail. For, sooner or later, no man, or nation of men, will trust him longer.

Ah, even while we write, Italy may be a field of blood. For, with the cry of "Peace" in their ears, all men feel that there is no peace. Nothing is settled—all is unsettled by this war, and this peace. The hour hand on the dial of Destiny, is not to be moved backward and forward at will, even by the most powerful of Emperors. When the hour strikes which, in the orderings of Providence, summons from their high spheres the prophetic angels with their vials of fate and wrath, what human power shall interpose between them and the accomplishment of their purpose!

THE CHINESE GOLD DISCOVERIES.—Among the strangest doings of these strange times, is the search for golden coins and images now going on among the Indian graves of Central America. One writer says:—

I saw $10 000 worth in the hands of one man alone, and there are others who have still more. There are millions of these graves all over the country in this province and also throughout Central America, enough to employ thousands of men for many years. It is only three weeks since the diggings commenced, and the amount of wrought gold discovered is enormous.

Among the lot, we saw some curiously wrought alligators, similar to those found in the Indian burying places of Peru and Mexico. At what date these relics of antiquity were deposited here, no one knows. Some of them look old enough to have been made by old "Tubal Cain." The alligator seems to have been held in great veneration by the aborigines of these countries as well as in ancient Egypt. No doubt large quantities of manufactured gold lies buried all through North and South America in these Indian huacas (graves.) In all of the wars between different tribes, no enemy was ever guilty of disturbing the resting places of the dead.

What a blessed thing that the Indians should have shown so much respect for the resting places of the dead! Now, the white man comes along, with his superior intellect and faith, and finer feelings, and profits by the Indian's forbearance. What an unearthing there will be in Mexico, and in Central and South America, if the practice of burying the golden ornaments of the deceased with their bodies, should be ascertained to have been a general custom of the Indian tribes of those countries. Surely there never was a generation of men in the world, which had such a keen scent for gold as that living in this present century of our Lord. Even the English and Spanish discoverers, adventurers and buccaneers of three hundred years ago, seem to have been dull hounds in comparison. The present race of gold hunters, it would appear, can scent a gold coin through four or five feet of solid earth. Who will say that this nineteenth century is not a wonderful one?

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

INQUIRER. We do not consider the Mosaic account of the creation of the world, irreconcilable with the theory generally accepted by geologists. According to the scientific view, founded upon the appearances which present themselves in nature, this globe passed through successive stages of development before it reached that condition which fitted it to become the habitation of man—and then man was created. Now, according to the Scriptural account—generally attributed to Moses—the world was created in six successive periods of time. That these periods are called *days*, does not necessarily, as we think, commit the text to the assertion that they were days of the short length of twenty-four of our hours. If we understand by the word *days*, simply certain periods of time, the whole difficulty is at an end. And this is taking nothing like so great a liberty with the text, as is taken in several other places. For instance, the text says that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still—the effect of which was to greatly prolong the day. But every one admits now that it is not the movement of the sun, but of the earth, which causes the progress of time, so that commanding the sun to stand still would be simply commanding it to do what it was already doing. The text is therefore universally interpreted to mean that, by Joshua's command, the apparent effect of the sun's standing still in the heavens was produced—though whether it was by arresting the movement of the earth on its axis, or in some other way, no one pretends to decide. So also with the assertion of St. John, that if all the doings of his Divine Master were recorded, he supposes that "the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." This is generally considered a "strong Eastern expression," not intended to be taken literally, but with all due allowance for an Asiatic warmth of imagination. But we need not mention other instances of a similar character, where it becomes imperatively necessary to favor the text a little, and not take it too literally. Now, the truth of Nature is eminently the truth of the Creator of Nature. Having satisfied ourselves that the astronomers are perfectly correct in saying that commanding the sun to stand still would not lengthen the day, we agree to interpret the text of Joshua a little liberally—in fact, we cannot do anything else. In the same way, if the geologists will demonstrate in an undeniable manner that thousands of our present years were employed in the development of the globe, and in the creation of the various kinds of animal life, the Christian world can reasonably conclude that the Hebrew word translated *day* means simply some definite or indefinite period of time, and give itself no further trouble about the matter. As to the Mosaic account of the Creation, the Fall of Man, &c., we consider it the part of common sense, at least to hold to it until we can get a better. It is a great deal easier to point out apparent flaws and inconsistencies in the scriptural account, than to frame one which shall be less vulnerable to attack. But, in this, as in many other things, it is easier to pull down the old house than to show how a better building could be erected.

SABBATARIAN. You are not correct. The received English version says—see the second verse of the second chapter of Genesis—"And on the *seventh* day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day," *&c.*—It is only fair to add, however, that some commentators suppose that the first "*seventh*" in the foregoing text should be *sixth*, as the Syriac and Samaritan texts read in that manner.

CAROLINE. The exact nature of the sentiment of Love is not known. Probably Love is akin in some way to Animal Magnetism, and other forms of Electricity. We all know that Love has a magnetic tendency, and where we find a lady of a very loveable organization, we generally see as many *sparks* as we do around an electrical machine. Man doubtless is charged positively, woman negatively—and therefore they fly together just like tissue paper and rubbed sealing-wax. Alas, sometimes they drop asunder just as soon and coldly afterwards. But the subject deserves a more extended notice than we are at present prepared to give it. Let Caroline look out for a work in three volumes, one of these days, to be called "Love, Physically, Mentally, Morally, and Matrimonially Considered, illustrated by examples, and Embellished with Portraits of the Most Fascinating Women of the Age." Would not a work of that kind sell—written as some one we know, would know how to write it? We guess so—we calculate so.

PICKLES. We owe our pickles correspondent an apology for not having complied sooner with the request made some time since. Next week we will try to give the receipts asked for. We have not been able to find the receipt for "a rod in pickle," but a rod out of pickle doubtless will be just as pleasant.

ALFRED. Cricket is a manly game, promotive of health, strength, and activity. Within the last few years, in these parts, almost all the boys, and not a few of the men, play it regularly. In five or six years more, a young man who cannot play cricket will consider his education neglected. Our people seem to be going at the work of physical development with characteristic ardor. After a while, we expect to see fewer young men riding in buggies behind their horses, and a greater number placed like men upon their backs. It is full time for a change in these respects, for we were getting so abominably intellectual and spiritual in this part of the land, that we had almost thought of dismissing our bodies altogether as useless and degrading incumbrances—forgetting that what God has joined, should not be rashly put asunder.

HEALTH. We do not know that the law forbids the keeping of pigs in towns and cities, but we know it ought to. It should be a part of the municipal law in every place where men are closely congregated together. A hog-pen will defile the air upon a summer evening for no short distance around it. Chickens will answer as well for consuming the fragments from the family table, &c., and are unobjectionable. It would do good to some men, if a little porker were tied under their noses till they were able to smell it—then they might cease to annoy their neighbors with their swinery. A man might almost as well keep a skunk-pen in a town or city as a hog-pen; and he that would do the one would probably do the other, if he considered it equally profitable. There is one trait of character in the Jews which is to be greatly admired, they hate hogs.

Thou art a marvellous violet,
Oh, midnight sky of June!
With a drop of dew in thy deep heart set—
The silvery, shining moon!

And bees that cling to thy purple bosom
With little golden feet,
Are the countless stars, thou royal blossom!
That swarm in thy chalice sweet.

—*Fanny Malone Raymond.*

☞ All men who do anything must endure a depreciation of their efforts. It is the dirt which their chariot-wheels throw up.

☞ The earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman; and yet at one season he always harrows her bosom, and at another plucks her ears.

☞ So much of our early gladness vanishes utterly from our memory. We can never recall the joy with which we laid our heads on our mother's bosom, or rode on our father's back in childhood; doubtless that joy is wrought up into our nature, as the sunlight of long-past mornings is wrought up into the soft mellowness of the apricot; but it is gone forever from our imagination, and we can only *believe* in the joy of childhood. But the first glad moment in our first love is a vision which returns to us to the last, and brings with it a thrill of feeling intense and special as the recurrent sensation of a sweet odor breathed in a far-off hour of happiness. It is a memory that gives a more exquisite touch to tenderness, that feeds the madness of jealousy, and adds the last keenness to the agony of despair. —*Adam Bede.*

☞ How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles. —*Washington Irving.*

☞ Perhaps the best novel ever written, "Robinson Crusoe," has not a word of love in it. And how all honest boys and girls like it! The literary tastes of youth are simple and pure enough if not perverted.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"Stay at home" is an injunction which some sociologists of our day are fond of imposing upon woman. Nor is this limitation of the feminine activity purely modern. "Where's my wife?" roars the Greek boor in one of Aristophanes' comedies. "Away from home, sir," is the answer. "Away from home!—Blood and thunder!—what business has my wife to be away from home!" howls the indignant lord and master. Yet, spite of objections, woman will be occasionally away from home, and lucky for us that it is so. For women are by nature born travellers—not so much in their disposition to travel, as in their rare faculty for nice observation and their ability to make a full report of what they see. Some of the best accounts of foreign countries we have, came from the microscopically observant, acute, agile-thoughted mind of woman.

A recent instance of the supremacy of womankind in this particular, as in others, may be found in an elegant and brilliant book of observation, entitled TENTE AND HAREM; or, NOTES OF AN ORIENTAL TRIP, by CAROLINE PAINE. (D. Appleton & Co., New York). The author went through Turkey, Egypt and Syria, and in her account of the tour, gives us more pleasant ideas of the Orientals than we get from some sources. "Our first hour's experience among the reputed barbarous Turks was," she says, "surprisingly agreeable, neither had we ever occasion upon further acquaintance to change the opinion thus formed." The people generally she found extremely courteous and agreeable. Of course the women are commonly quite destitute of culture, and yet the author tells us:

"We made the acquaintance of certain Turkish women of rank, who were and ever will be to my mind, wonderful instances of native elegance, refinement and aptness in the courtesies, ordinary civilities, and prattle of society."

In another place she says—

"Turkish women are by no means confined to a life of solitude or imprisonment, and they would be scarcely tempted to exchange the perfect freedom and exemption from the austere duties of life, which is their some of happiness, for all the advantages that might be gained from intellectual pursuits, or a different form of society. They roam in parties when they please, and where they please, if it be not far from home, accompanied by slaves and various attendants. Their highest enjoyment is in passing the bright sunny days of their long summers under the broad-spreading plane-trees that are to be found beside every stream. At such places they may be always seen in little groups upon the grass. * * *. The little children who are ever of the party, and for whom by the way, Turkish women have great fondness, are either by their side, or strolling about, led by the hand of some mother or attendant."

This last picture is pleasant. We are so constantly glamoured by the harem-mirage in which Turkey ever appears to the fancy, that it is well to have our common sense aroused to remember that Turkish women are after all mothers, and have the genuine motherly love for their children.

These children are, by the way, droll-looking urchins. Mrs. Paine tells us—

"They can scarcely waddle about, so enveloped are they in fez and turban, one or two long loose jackets, and bag trowsers confined by a large shawl wound round the waist. Even they partake of the imperturbable gravity of their seniors to such an extent, that during our long residence in the East, we never saw nor heard a child cry, or laugh, or evince any emotion."

In this respect, the Turkish men are, as our tourist has said, children of a larger growth. After describing a grand gala scene on a splendid Turkish holiday, she observes—

"The most remarkable feature of this gay and perfectly Oriental spectacle, which, for dreaminess and magical absorption of the senses can never be surpassed, is the entire taciturnity that everywhere prevails, and the quiet, sedate, passionless expression of every countenance. Each one seems engrossed with his own thoughts; all retain the position first taken; there is no sign of life or animation, and the thought of the joyousness or hilarity that would characterize an assembly of French or Americans has never come into the minds of this ruminating people."

No doubt this popular torpor, like the loud laugh in our own crowds, speaks the vacant mind; and no doubt the empty-headed Turks might be vastly improved in intelligence and energy by an incursion of modern Western civilization into their drowsy life. Still, they are a fine people—courteous, humane, self-respectful and respectful of others, refined, dignified, and, in short, having a general moral correspondence with the rest of mankind, though at present intellectually inferior to the foremost Occidental nations. All which, together with much else, Mrs. Paine's charming volume shows.

A capital budget of the best of the old Scandinavian fairy stories—stories which have been told in the peasant's hut by the red fire for thousands of years—is contained in Dr. Dasent's POPULAR TALES FROM THE NORSE. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) The Norse fables are full of humor, strangeness and beauty, and while children will delight in them, grown people will enjoy them too. The wisdom which underlies them—for, of course, like every good fairy tale, they are allegorical and allusive—we are much helped to, in this volume, by an able essay on the general origin, scope and character of traditionary tales.

A thin volume, entitled ROMAN ORTHOEPY, (Sheldon & Co., New York,) by Professor RICHARDSON, of Rochester (N. Y.) University, contains an ably reasoned plea for restoring the Roman method of pronouncing Latin in our institutions of learning. Custom is a strange spell—almost as deep as life, Wordsworth says—and so strong in it upon us that it may keep us for ages pronouncing the name of the Roman orator, as we do pronounce it—Cicero—and not as the Romans would pronounce it—Kee-kero.

HARTLEY NORMAN (Rudd & Carleton, New York, is a novel that makes us laugh, which we regret, since it was not the author's intention to produce a comic work. Good nature will allow that the story has interest and even merit, but what are we to think when we find a newsboy talking to his mother—or any kind

of a boy talking to his mother—in such a fashion as this?—

"I have thought a great deal on this subject lately, dear mother, and even from my small experience I should judge that a self-educated man must have a better knowledge of men and things in general, and business matters in particular, than one who is immured within the walls of a college for half a score of the best years of his life, stepping the same tread-mill of academical routine that our grandfathers trod, when they wore steeple-crowned hats and tie periwigs—sitting at the feet of so many Gamaliels who are little better than learned asses in the great game of life, etc." P. 14.

We fancy we hear the yells of derision with which the newsboys would receive a companion who expressed himself in this stilted style! What satirical howls—what cries of "O-h g-a-s," and "dry up," and "stop yer blowin' "—what hustling and cuffing and jeering would greet the young Euphuist, and announce that a reform of his rhetoric was considered desirable! Of course the fact that the magniloquent newsboy in this case is represented as the scion of a family that had seen better days, does not at all justify his extraordinary elegance of speech, for when you become a newsboy you necessarily talk as the newsboys do. Nor is the "high family" any justification for the magniloquent newsboy's mother holding forth in the same style, as in this specimen:—

"'I know, Hartley,' said his mother, 'that a self-educated man, when gifted with that subtle thing called genius, can taste ambrosia here, sip nectar there, and drink deep of empyrean springs of knowledge, fresh from the heart of nature, etc.'" P. 15.

This is what is called "talking like a book," but not, we fear, like a book that sensible people wish to hear talk.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for August, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) has much good reading, and some that is "better than good," as for example, a fine poem, by Longfellow, in which the old fable of the Titan Enceladus struggling under the load of Etna, which the victorious gods have piled upon him, is made sublimely significant of Italy, prostrate under the mountain weight of despotism, and convulsing earth with the throes of the effort for freedom. Here it is:—

ENCELADUS.

Under Mount Etna he lies;
It is slumber, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes:
They talk together and say,
"To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
Enceladus will arise!"

And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand aghast and white with fear,
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, "At length!"

Ah, me! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair!
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air!

Where ashes are heaped in drifts
Over vineyard and field and town,
Whenever he starts and lifts
His head through the blackened rifts
Of the crags that keep him down!

See, see! the red light shines!
'Tis the glare of his awful eyes!
And the storm-wind shouts through the pines
Of Alps and of Apennines,
"Enceladus, arise!"

A MATRIMONIAL AFFAIR IN NEW ORLEANS.—About six or eight months ago, Miss B., a handsome and accomplished young lady of the Third District, was engaged to be married to Mr. P., a young man of wealthy and aristocratic family. The day arrived and a large number of guests assembled, but hour after hour passed away, and the bridegroom came not.

The officiating clergyman, the bridesmaids, the musicians, and the magnificent "spread" of eatables and dainties were all ready, and all vainly awaited the arrival of the person whose presence was indispensable to the completion of the festival. Finally a messenger arrived with the information that Mr. P. (who, by the way, was a minor,) was in durance vile; that his father had not only forbidden the banns, but had the candidate for matrimony under lock and key at that very moment, he (the elder Mr. P.) being unwilling that his son should marry at a tender age, and also unwilling to consent to an alliance with the B. family.

The elder Mr. P. soon discovered that to simply lock his son up on the day the latter had set apart for his wedding, was not altogether a certain method for preventing the wedding, and therefore trumped up an errand for him to the City of Mexico. The junior Mr. P. arrived two or three weeks ago, having, in the meantime, attained his majority, and at once claimed the fulfillment of a promise made by his sire before his departure, that upon his return no opposition should be urged to his union with Miss B., in case he should still desire it, after an absence of six months. The old gentleman acquiesced, and the dwelling of Mrs. B. was again the scene of preparations for a grand wedding.

A few days before the time fixed for the marriage, Miss B. went out under pretence of shopping and came back no more. Where had she gone? What had become of her? The mother and lover were distracted, and made frantic but fruitless efforts to discover whither the bird had flown. It was suspected that a young man of the neighborhood, who had long been a passionate admirer of Miss B., was in the secret of her disappearance, and her two brothers very soon discovered that she was quietly living in his house. The mother speedily confronted the young man, and demanded her daughter. "Your daughter is at my house, madame," was the reply, "and she is my lawful wife. I have been your son-in-law ever since the 18th of last April." They had, it seems, married privately, and through a desire on her part to retaliate the practical joke of the P. family, had not assumed the relations of husband and wife until the opportunity for carrying out her plan presented itself.

$20,500 FROM PIKE'S PEAK.—St. Louis, July 25.—A special despatch to the Democrat, says that three men have arrived at St. Joseph's, bringing $12,500 in gold dust. These parties are also said to have disposed of $8000 worth at Omaha, making a total of $20,500 from the Kansas mines.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

ASTOUNDING INTELLIGENCE—A DISSATISFIED CAPITAL—RUMORS OF COMING TROUBLES—FIXED IDEAS—THE NEW MAP OF ITALY—A MAN WHO KEEPS HIS OWN COUNSEL—THE HORRORS OF WAR—SWISS RIFLES.

Paris, July 14, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The most devoted adherents of the *sil admirari* principle must admit that the singular man, now playing so conspicuous a part in the world, has contrived to give a turn to the kaleidescope such as no one could have looked for, and such as has filled every one with astonishment. Looking forward, as all were doing, to a long continuance of the horrible struggle then pending, and a possible extension of the miseries of war to other parts of Europe, it is not without a dreamy sort of half-doubt of the fact that the storm of contest has died away, and that a Treaty of Peace has been signed by the two Emperors, that I now take up my pen to chronicle the progress of events during the last eight days.

While Europe was yet ringing with the news of Solferino, the retreat of the defeated Austrians still nearer to the confines of Venetia, the investment of Peschiera, by the Sardinians, and the arrival at the seat of war of the new *corps d'armee* under Prince Napoleon, and speculating on the probable consequences of these events, on the new army the young Austrian Kaiser was believed to be raising, and on the possible action of Prussia under the alarm of this new success of the French, the tide of speculation was suddenly taken aback by the unexpected tidings, received here on the 8th inst., that an armistice of five weeks had been agreed upon by the rival Emperors on the previous day; and that the two Imperial antagonists were to meet at Villa Franca, the headquarters of Francis-Joseph, on the 10th.

What could be the meaning of such a pause in the course of victory, proposed, too, as we had begun to learn by the floating rumors that always precede the arrival of more authoritative intelligence, by the successful general? And just as we had made up our minds that such a step on the part of that inexplicable personage could only be preparatory to an arrangement of the quarrel, probably by diplomatic means, we, of this excitable and reverberating city were, on the 11th, startled out of our incubrations on the doings of the future Congress that was to put an end to this murderous war, by the thundering forth of a peal of 101 by the cannons of the Invalides, which peal, as was speedily ascertained from one end of the city to the other, was fired on reception of the intelligence that, at the interview of the preceding day, the two Emperors had actually signed a treaty of peace! It was not, however, until it was ascertained that the telegraphic despatch conveying this astounding information was actually posted up at the Exchange, that the public could begin to believe the news to be true.

The despatch in question is thus worded:

"VALLEGIO, 11th.

"*The Emperor to the Empress:*

"Peace has been signed between the Emperor of Austria and myself.

"The bases agreed to are:

"An Italian Confederation under the honorary Presidency of the Pope.

"The Emperor of Austria cedes his rights over Lombardy to the Emperor of the French, who hands them over to the King of Sardinia.

"The Emperor of Austria preserves Venetia, but that country forms an integral part of the Italian Confederation.

"General amnesty."

In spite of the intense heat of the weather, crowds collected, as if by magic, in every part of Paris, expressing their amazement at the news, and their satisfaction that the war was over.

Flags began to appear at the windows, and at night a general illumination took place, the streets being full of people, eagerly discussing the new turn of affairs. In some places lines of colored lamps were suspended across the streets; and on the Boulevards a very striking effect was produced, at several points, by groups of colored lights clustered fantastically on the higher branches of the trees.

As far as I can judge, however, the first feeling of relief and surprise having subsided, the public mind is far from satisfied. The friends and the foes of the present regime seem to concur for once in their judgment, and all declare that the "solution" of the Italian question has been "juggled away." Why, they ask, if the Emperor were not in earnest in desiring the liberation of Italy, did he begin the war at all? And if he were in earnest, why has he now stopped short in a career of victory which would probably have enabled him, if persevered in for a few weeks longer, to fulfil to the letter the promise that "Italy should be free to the Adriatic" so pompously put forth at the commencement of the war. The idea of a confederation of Italian States, headed by the Pope, who has shown himself so little able to govern his own subjects for their happiness, whose devotion to Austria is known, and whose *prestige* as a Temporal Prince has been so much damaged here by the late affair at Perugia, is far from pleasing to the popular mind; and the announcement that Venetia, which it is believed might soon have been reduced, is both to remain in the power of Austria, and to form "an integral part of the new confederation," is considered with still less favor, as it is believed that this arrangement will afford Austria a perpetual pretext for continuing, under another form, the system of interference in Italian affairs, to prevent which the present (or as we must now say, the *late*) war has been ostensibly undertaken.

The lower orders here, who are addicted to a strong mode of expressing themselves, pronounce the terms of peace to be "a squint" and "a hocus," and contemptuously declare that "the Emperor is afraid to risk his skin in another battle."

The idea that the peace is a reasonable and straightforward affair, that the ends proposed in the undertaking of the war have been attained, and that we have only a return to a normal state of tranquillity before us, does not seem to have as yet occurred to anybody here. Some of the newspapers are out with rapturous plaudits, those of the *Univers* being the loudest. The Republican *Siecle*, so warm an advocate of the Emperor's late proceedings, is perfectly mute with regard to the intelligence that has so completely taken all opinions by surprise.

Those who regard the Emperor as "a man of fixed ideas," and as one who "never rests, never hastens," but goes on in quiet, undemonstrative preparation, getting ready beforehand the hidden wires, springs, trains, and pretexts which are to work out gradually the various details of his "mission," look on this peace as part and parcel of the policy which dictated the sudden patching up of peace in the Crimean war. Louis Napoleon, they say, has always been bent on the achievement of three things; 1st, the humiliation of Russia, to revenge the unfortunate campaign of "his uncle" in that country, and the share taken by Russia in his overthrow; 2d, the recovery of the barrier of the Rhine, which would also be a humiliation to another of the victors of Waterloo; 3d, to cripple and humiliate England, as the right arm of the coalition that overthrew the first Empire, and the representative of popular liberty in Europe. Those who hold this opinion, (by no means a small minority,) believe that Louis Napoleon entered into the Crimean war to show Russia what he could do against her; and that he suddenly relinquished the war, because he did not wish England to obtain the prestige that would have been hers had the contest continued; England having been crippled by the bad management of her commissariat through the first part of the struggle, so that France had had the more brilliant position, and England being quite ready to continue the war under the best possible conditions, just when her ally, unable to go on, and unwilling to drive Russia to desperation, insisted upon making peace.

And just as, in the Crimean war, Louis Napoleon saved Russia from farther and apparently inevitable humiliation, and thus bought her alliance for a future day, so, say they, has he now offered to Austria an escape from inevitable ruin, on condition that she shall join his side in some future struggle.

It is a curious fact that, whatever truth there may be in the explanation of Louis Napoleon's policy, not one in ten thousand here doubts that Prussia is to be attacked, as soon as circumstances shall be considered rife for the step; that the Emperor will contrive to make a plausible pretext for this new measure, in which Russia will again declare herself ready to take sides with France, in case the war does not remain "localized," while Austria, burning to revenge what she regards as the defection of Prussia in this Italian business, and to regain her old supremacy in Germany, will play the part which has just been enacted by the brave and ambitious King of Sardinia.

This campaign accomplished, and the second great Protestant Power humiliated—supposing England to have stood by quietly while it has been going on—pretexts for a rupture with that country will soon be found; and Great Britain is to be attacked simultaneously by the three despotic and orthodox Emperors, who, agreeing in nothing else, unite in jealousy of Great Britain, and desire her reduction to a second-rate power, both from detestation of her championship of individual freedom, and from a covetous greed of her colonial possessions.

It would be idle to pronounce categorically, for, or against the correctness of the programme thus detailed as that of the present ruler of France; but of the almost universal belief here, that such is his settled course of action—itself not an insignificant sign of the times—there can be no doubt, for one meets with it everywhere. And considering the "traditions" and personal antecedents of the Emperor, the enormous military and (above all) naval preparations he has been so quietly and effectively carrying on ever since he came to the throne, it must, I think, be admitted that many more unlikely hypotheses might be started.

But leaving these speculations to be resolved by the events of the future, let us see how stands the map of Italy as now to be reconstituted.

Lombardy having been ceded to Piedmont, it follows that the two fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, which have always formed part of Lombardy, must be given up to Victor Emmanuel.* Lombardy has a superficies of 8,538 square miles, and a population of 2,800,000. Lombardy has hitherto been divided administratively into 9 provinces, or delegations, viz.: Milan, Pavia, Lodi-Crema, Cremona, Como, Mantua, Soudrio, Brescia, and Bergamo. The fortified towns of Peschiera and Mantua form part of the province of Mantua. The fortress of Pizzighettone is comprised in the province of Cremona. After the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont, this kingdom, including the island of Sardinia, will contain a superficies of 37,640 square miles, with a population of 7,800,000. As regards territorial extent, it will occupy a tenth rank in Europe, and will come immediately after the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and before Portugal and Bavaria. With regard to population, Piedmont will occupy a ninth rank, being on a level with Naples, and above Sweden and Norway, Belgium and Bavaria. The following table completes the comparison as regards the rest of Italy:—

	Area.	Population.
New kingdom	37,640 sq. m	7,800,000
Venetia	9,525 "	2,200,000
Papal States	17,218 "	2,900,000
Tuscany	8,741 "	1,750,000
Parma	2,262 "	500,000
Modena	2,090 "	410,000
Two Sicilies	42,000 "	8,400,000

It is rumored here that Victor Emmanuel is furious at the terms of the new peace, considering himself as shamefully sacrificed, and that he and the Emperor of the French have quarrelled, and that they have not exchanged a word for the last fortnight. Of course I by no means undertake to express an opinion on these *on dits;* I merely record them as features in the fluctuating political physiognomy of the day.

So completely has the Emperor Napoleon kept his own counsel to himself, that we are absolutely in the dark as to what will be the next steps in the Italian drama. We are told that the French army will be broken up into little camps, and will be comfortably settled in healthy places for a time, to enable the enormous mass of men and material to be brought back in the best manner to France. A very reasonable arrangement, yet one that may possibly have been adopted with a view of retaining the French in Italy, until the arrangements made in so summary a manner, and in which the Italians are disposed of without a shadow of reference to their own choice in the matter, shall have been carried out beyond the possibility of present opposition on their part.—Whether there will be a Congress or not, and if there be one, of whom it will be composed, and what points will be submitted to its decision, we, as yet, know not.

The curiosity of the public is not, apparently, to be gratified even by a sight of the Emperor. All rejoicings for the termination of the war are to be postponed until the 15th of August, the Emperor's *fete* day. It was rumored that his Majesty would return to Paris to-day, and the National Guard was said to have been ordered to be in readiness for the occasion.—But no one, not even the most intimate personal friends of the Emperor, knew anything of the time of his probable return. On the other hand, we have a rumor to the effect that he reached St. Cloud, *incog.* last night. It is understood that, when he arrives, he will pass a few days in that charming residence very quietly, and then go to Plombieres, this time taking with him the Empress and the little Prince. Meantime, Austrian prisoners are still arriving in France, and are treated with the greatest kindness and humanity. The French prisoners have been received in Austria with equal generosity. Indeed, the Emperor Francis Joseph seems to have vied with his opponents in the kindness with which he has treated these victims of the chances of war. Every French officer has had a present of 200 francs for present expenses, besides good food and kindly treatment, the privates receiving a small sum, and equal kindness. As to the convoy of French prisoners that reached Vienna just before the signing of the peace, they were so affectionately treated by the Viennese that the Austrian soldiers about their prison grew quite jealous. The people of Vienna, who visited them in crowds, were at once on the best possible terms with them, and not content with giving them little presents on the spot, arranged with them to let down a lot of baskets from the windows of their rooms into the street below; by which means, such abundant supplies of food, wine, tobacco, clothes, &c., were being constantly drawn up over the heads of the sentries below, that the latter could stand it no longer, and made such angry demonstrations against the hospitable proceedings of the towns-people, that, at length, the authorities interfered, and put a stop to there offerings.

It is known that the Emperor Francis Joseph was profoundly affected, not only by the untoward issue of the great battles from which he had hoped so much, but by the hideous spectacles of blood and misery that make up so large an item in the details of a battle. He wept bitterly, on leaving the field of Solferino, and well he might. His trained ranks thinned by death, his people dying by hundreds on the ground, and the retreating host moving off in such disorder that their young sovereign at one time was obliged to draw aside from the road with his staff, and merely watch the impetuous rush that filled the way, and rendered it impossible for the sovereign to proceed without being seriously inconvenienced by the pushing and scrambling of those about him—an infraction of his Imperial etiquette not to be tolerated. So violent were his emotions after witnessing the havoc and humiliation of the day, that he was attacked with fever, and was seriously ill for several days. The Emperor Napoleon, also, who, whatever else he may or may not be, is at all events a kind-hearted man, who cannot see human suffering with indifference, even when caused by himself, is said to have been deeply affected by the terrible sights of the fields on which he has just been so signally victorious. Typhus and dysentery are rife in the camps under the burning sky of the last fortnight; and the desire to abridge the sufferings inseparable from war, may have had a share in deciding him to the sudden, and very original *denouement* which has taken Europe so completely by surprise. It is not improbable, moreover, that the revolutionary aspiration excited all over Europe by the Italian struggle, and the sympathy expressed by many republican leaders with the course the Emperor was thought to be pursuing, may have had some influence with him, and induced him to hasten a settlement, from fear of certain consequences which might have logically flowed from the results of his own action.

It is not probable that Europe will be able to quietly sleep with the belief of a long peace before it. The French Emperor has given too startling proof of what he can do in the way of fighting, combined with a determination and power to follow out his own individual designs without consulting the rest of Europe, for this hemisphere to lull itself into a feeling of entire security. We shall probably all go on building ships of war, and raising armies, to an extent equally detrimental to our neighborly confidence and our individual pockets. Great powers, and little ones, arming to the teeth, is not a pleasant state of things; but France has now so thoroughly dissipated the arcadian dreams of perpetual good neighborhood in which the people of the various sections of Europe were beginning to indulge, that no one will feel safe from the chance of unexpected quarrels. Meanwhile the unusually heavy crops in Austria are literally spoiling in the fields for want of hands to gather them in—thanks to the drain of labor caused by the war.

The Federal Rifle Match, which takes place annually in Switzerland, is now going on at Zurich. The attendance is very numerous, and has attracted crowds of visitors from all the Cantons and from other countries. The subscriptions have risen to the sum of 110,000 francs, and will be employed in the purchase of articles of silver and gold, ornamented arms, &c., to be bestowed on the most successful competitors. In addition to the Rifle Match, a meeting of the Gymnastic Societies of all Switzerland is being held at Zurich, the best wrestlers of the different cantons taking part in the contest.

QUANTUM.

* Our correspondent is probably in error. It seems to be generally admitted now, that the fortresses, and Lombardy East of the Mincio, are kept by Austria.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

LONDON, July 16.—It was reported yesterday, at Paris, that troubles had arisen in Venetia—that the city of Florence was disturbed, and that the Parisian populace was indignant at the Emperor for his failure to fulfil his promises towards Italy.

The papers are mainly engaged in speculation upon the sudden conclusion of peace and its results.

It is remarked that Sardinia, by accepting Lombardy without the fortresses necessary to defend it, has made herself the vassal of France, and that Italy has gained nothing, while the Emperor returns to Paris nominally a conqueror, but, in reality, a baffled and dishonored man.

Letters from Paris assert that much discontent prevailed there in regard to the terms of peace and the small result of the war, although the peace itself gave general satisfaction.

The Siecle, the organ of the French Liberals, is dissatisfied, and says France will have everything to begin in a few years, if the minutest Austrian influence is suffered to abide in Italy. It calls for the expulsion of the petty Italian princes, the confederates of Austria.

The Moniteur publishes a second warning to the Univers on account of an objectionable political article. The *Univers*—an ultra Roman Catholic organ—is however delighted with the terms of Peace—especially the Presidency of the Pope.

The Emperor of Austria left Verona for Vienna on the morning of the 14th. His order of the day, published at Verona on the 12th, says that Austria commenced the war for the maintenance of her sacred treaties, relying on the devotedness of her people, the bravery of her army, and her natural allies. Not having found allies, Austria yields to an unfavorable political situation. The Emperor cordially thanks the people, as well as the army, who have again shown that their sovereign may confidently rely on their devotedness, if any new struggles should occur.

The interview between the Emperors at Villafranca is said to have lasted nearly the whole day.

The Paris Moniteur publishes a proclamation by the Emperor, announcing to the soldiers the basis of peace. It is to the following effect:

"The principal aim of the war is attained, and Italy will become, for the first time, a nation. Venetia, it is true, remains to Austria; but she will nevertheless be an Italian province, forming part of an Italian confederation. The union of Lombardy with Piedmont creates for us a powerful ally, who will owe to us its independence.

"The Italian Governments which have remained inactive, or which have been called back into their possessions, will comprehend the necessity of Italian reforms. A general amnesty will obliterate the traces of civil discord. Italy, henceforth mistress of her destinies, will only have herself to accuse should she not progress regularly in order and freedom. You will soon return to France. A grateful country will there receive with transports those soldiers who have raised so high the glory of our arms at Montebello, Palestro, Turbigo, Magenta, Melagnano, and Solferino; who, in two months, have freed Piedmont, and have only stopped because the contest was about to assume proportions no longer in keeping with the interests that France had in this formidable war. Be proud, then, of your success; proud of the results obtained; proud, especially, of being the well-beloved children of that France who will always be the great nation, so long as she shall have a heart to comprehend noble causes, and men like you to defend them. NAPOLEON."

VALLEGIO, July 12.—The preliminary conditions of the treaty of peace are thus announced in the official Austrian correspondence:

"Austria and France will support the formation of an Italian Confederation, to which Austria accedes. Lombardy, as far as the line of the Mincio, is to be given up. Mantua, Peschiera, Borgoforte, and the whole of the Venetia, remain Austrian possessions. The Princes of Tuscany and Modena are to return to their States. An universal amnesty is to be granted."

The Moniteur of Friday contains the following:—

SARZANO, July 14.—The Augsburg Gazette alleges that the cause of the armistice was the existence of a dangerous malady in the French army, but to this we can give a formal denial. The sanitary state of the French army is excellent, and exceeds even the hopes which could be entertained, from the heat and fatigue endured.

The King of Sardinia had issued the following proclamation to the people of Lombardy:

"Heaven has blessed our arms, with the powerful aid of our magnanimous and valiant ally, the Emperor Napoleon, and we arrived, in a few days, after victory upon victory, at the banks of the Mincio. To-day, we come back among you, to tell you that Heaven has granted your wishes. An armistice followed by preliminaries of peace, assure the people of Lombardy of their independence.

"According to your desire, many times expressed, you will henceforth form, with our ancient state, one single and free family. I take your destiny under my directions, and hope to find in you that concurrence which the chief of a state needs, in order to create a new administration. I tell you, people of Lombardy, to trust in your King. Established on a solid and imperishable basis, he will procure happiness for a new country, which Heaven has entrusted to his government."

News from Milan of the 13th, states that the King of Sardinia arrived there in the evening, amid the plaudits of the populace. His Majesty subsequently presented himself on the balcony of his hotel, and was greeted with warm acclamations of "*Vive il Re.*"

The Emperor of Austria has ordered immediate cessation of the recruiting just commenced.

It was rumored that the Emperor and Empress of the French would visit Vienna.

The French army were reported to have commenced their counter march.

Two days before the armistice, a war-tax was imposed on Piedmont, amounting to one-tenth of all the taxes on property, customs, &c.

It was considered probable that the dismissal of Cardinal Antonelli would result from the state of affairs.

The Prussian Gazette says that in consequence of the treaty of peace orders have been transmitted to the troops on the march to halt at the respective places where they may happen to be.

A Bostonian, at the sack of Perugia, writes to the London Times, giving additional details of that brutal affair. He says the American minister, Mr. Stockton, has demanded redress and indemnification for American citizens, and by his energetic action will doubtless obtain such as is to be had.

Count Cavour and the Sardinian Cabinet had resigned, and it is reported that the reasons for this step were on account of the terms of peace being unsatisfactory.

Count Arese has been charged with the formation of a new Cabinet.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says that three applications were made by the Emperor Napoleon to Austria before the Emperor Francis Joseph consented. The overtures were made direct by Napoleon. The same correspondent says that the Pope had been burned in effigy at Milan, and that unfriendly feelings existed between the Emperor Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel.

A rumor prevails that Gen. Garibaldi was about to issue a proclamation, and it is considered doubtful whether he would lay down his arms.

Up to the 11th inst., the formation of the Hungarian Legion had proceeded prosperously, 5,000 volunteers having joined.

A letter from Rome, dated the 8th instant, says that the Pope had sent an autograph letter to Napoleon, announcing his determination to demand an armed intervention by the Catholic Powers.

ENGLAND.—Orange riots had occurred in various parts of Ireland on the 12th of July. At Paisly, also, a disturbance occurred, which became of a serious character, knives and fire-arms being used. One man was killed and seven were wounded dangerously.

The House of Commons had passed to second reading the bill abolishing Church rates, by a vote of 263 to 193.

In both Houses of Parliament the treaty of peace had been discussed. In the Commons, Lord John Russell, in answer to an inquiry, said that nothing of an official character was known, or could be known, as to the details of the treaty till the Emperor Napoleon returns to Paris, which would be about the 18th.

Sir James Graham called attention to the formidable French fleet at Cherbourg and Brest, together with the gun-boats for the landing of troops.

Lord John Russell said that France had made no extraordinary preparations, and therefore England had demanded no explanations.

The Duke of Newcastle stated that the government did not intend to renew the licenses by which the Hudson Bay Company held their North American territories. A bill would soon be introduced for appointing magistrates throughout the territory to prevent disputes between the Indians and whites; to establish trading regulations, and to prevent excesses. The Government was not prepared to grant a subsidy for the establishment of railways in the territory.

In the House of Commons, considerable progress was made with the army and navy estimates, and Sidney Herbert explained the present military position of the country and the measures of defence. He expected that one hundred Armstrong guns would be made this year, and two hundred before the end of the financial year.

On the 15th, Lord Derby pointedly inquired if the King of Sardinia was a party to the treaty of peace, for it was understood that the Emperor of the French was his ally, and not the principal in the quarrel.

Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons, said he did not know whether the parties to the treaty of Vienna had been consulted, but so far as England was concerned, no particulars beyond those published had been furnished.

Lord Cowley had called on the French Government for the details of the peace, but Count Walewski told him he could afford him no information until the Emperor arrived in Paris.

The new telegraph cable between England and Denmark has been successfully laid.

The Mediterranean company had ordered a cable to connect Malta and Sicily, and it is expected to be laid in November.

The English Government has fully determined to lay a cable direct to Gibralter and thence to Malta.

An anti-slavery meeting, presided over by Lord Brougham, had been held in London. An address to the Duke of Newcastle was agreed to, requesting the House of Lords to appoint a committee to inquire into the present state of the slave trade, as the coolie and African traffic is degenerating into a positive slave trade.

The original of Powers' Greek Slave has been sold in London at auction for 1,800 guineas. The Duke of Cleveland was the purchaser.

The Bank of England, on the 14th, reduced its minimum rate of discount to from 3 to 2½ per cent. This step was fully anticipated, and exercised no influence on the stock market. The funds opened buoyant and excited on the morning that the North Briton sailed. Consols being quoted at 96¾, they soon, however, fell back under the growing impression that the terms of peace were not such as to inspire confidence in its durability.

July 15.—Prices of Cotton have advanced ¼ to ⅜d. since last Friday.

THE HUNGARIAN LEADERS.—A Paris letter says that "Kossuth and Klapka, according to private letters from Turin, have both been detained at that place under the strictest surveillance of the French police, to whom instinct no doubt taught that if a treaty was about to be signed between France and Austria it would not be wise to suffer the two perturbators of Hungarian peace to run off to Hungary. The republicans here are furious at what they call the slip which has been given them, and we are waiting with the greatest anxiety for the next news from Italy."

A YOUNG GIRL OUTRAGED BY A PRINCE!—THE CZAR AVENGES HER WRONGS.—Last December, an officer in the elegant uniform of the Chevalier Guards, galloped along one of the most crowded and fashionable streets in St. Petersburg. Passing a *magasin des modes*, he saw a charming young girl enter. He followed her, and was struck with her cheerful but modest grace, and the freshness and tenderness which distinguished her. On her retiring, he learnt that she was the daughter of a poor *chinovick*, (civilian,) that the shop-people worked for her at a low rate, from admiration of her youth and character, and that she would return at six.

The officer, with two of his friends, indulged in a sumptuous dinner, inflaming his passions with costly champaigne. But exactly at six, a large and gorgeous *troika*, (a double-seated sledge,) stopped near the *magasin*, harnessed with three splendid horses. The poor Olga advanced; was instantly half-stifled in a fur cloak, lifted into the *troika*, carried on to Czarsko Zelo, where a convenient and lonely house of entertainment awaited them, and was there brutally ravished, after indignantly rejecting every kind of bribe. But her resistance was so violent that she disfigured the faces of her assailants.

On her return her father appealed to the hated police, but in vain. The police master assured him that the criminals could not be identified. On this her brother, an officer in the country regiment, was written to. He was indefatigable in his inquiries, discovering that three officers had suddenly announced themselves sick, to hide the scars in their faces, wrote a petition to the Emperor, and succeeded in awakening his sympathy. The police-master was summoned, and the Czar charged him instantly to procure a true report of what had passed. This was done. The criminal was Prince Galitzin.

But mark the punishment. The Czar instantly compelled him to marry the sufferer, endowed her on the spot with half his worldly goods, making her at once very wealthy, and then immediately issued a ukase of divorce, leaving her entirely free. All the three officers were transported to a country regiment, deep in the heart of Russia, and were refused any rise in military rank.

Never was poetical justice more rapid and more complete. The sentence does honor to the Emperor, and almost makes us long, in certain cases, for an omnipotent despot. But this is not the only instance in which Alexander II. has given proofs of a good heart and great vigor.

The circumstance has excited an immense sensation in the Russian capital, and will doubtless have good results.

☞ The harsh, hard world neither sees, nor tries to see men's hearts; but wherever there is the opportunity of evil, supposes that evil exists.—*G. P. R. James.*

☞ If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause.—*Archbishop Usher.*

☞ When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.—*Tillotson.*

THE WEE BIT BIRDIE?

BY JOSEPH TRUMAN.

There was a little maiden
  Walked at her father's side,
All through the daisied meadows,
  In the cool of eventide.

He called her his wee bit birdie,
  For, as they went along,
To him her chatter sounded
  More sweet than any song

And the blinking stars, and the stillness,
  And the amber-swimming West,
Filled with wonder and feeling
  The wee bit birdie's breast.

And she prattled a hundred fancies,
  Child-like, quaint, and fair—
She longed to be the thistle-down,
  And sail the evening air;

And watch, from the midway ether,
  The deep-green earth grow dim;
Then follow the sinking Sun, to break
  In some brightening East with him.

Or, in an ancient forest
  To live as a Fairie Queen,
And be served by myriad sportive sprites
  In silver suit and sheen;

And the never-fading flowers to wear
  That grow by the Fairie wells,
And over the Fairie lakes to glide,
  To the chiming of unseen bells;

And to speak, and a palace fine should stand
  Where the wood-grass whistled wild,
Porphyry arches, and carven pearl,
  Over crystal pillars piled.

Once again he walked the meadows,
  In the gloaming's golden grey,
But not the wee bit birdie came
  That daisy-whitened way.

For we suffer a will we do not ken,
  And the kind mysterious Powers
Had changed those child-like dreams to fact,
  In a higher sense than ours.

And her pulsing stream of soul had run
  To its main-like home afar,
Beyond the light of the farthest sun
  And highest-hanging star.

And purer blooms the wee bird wore
  Than in Fairie world ever blew,
And a brighter than Fairie crown she bore,
  And a sweeter life she knew.

HOP VILLA.

I had not seen Luke Swinton for thirty years; and no long ago we were class-mates and sworn chums. In the interim, I had been knocked about, the very shuttlecock of fortune, until at last the capricious dame gave me the means of coming home—that is, to England—with the prospect of ending my days there. I said I had not seen Luke Swinton for thirty years, and yet when he and I accidently jostled each other "on Change," soon after my arrival, there was enough of the old face left for me to recognize it.

"You are Luke Swinton," I said, and held out my hand.

"And you are—" He looked inquiringly, and his palm, slowly extended, touched mine with a doubtful clasp, till I filled up the sentence:

"James Ashburton."

No want of cordiality when these words fell on his ear. "To think I did not know you," said he. "But thirty years make many changes, and yours has been a roving life, by all accounts. You shall tell me everything by and by."

I shook my head. "Mine would be too long a story in detail; but you may fill it up from the outline. I went away poor; I have not returned rich, though with enough to supply a bachelor's wants."

"I am sorry you are a bachelor, my dear fellow," said my old mate, eyeing me compassionately. "But there is a bright side to everything, and you can go home with me to dinner without its being necessary to ask permission; moreover, you can give orders for your baggage to be forwarded to Hop Villa—my little place out of town—without fear that your other half will lodge a detainer. Depend on it, I shall not soon part with you."

"And can you really give such an invitation without the cognizance of the lady that owns you? Oh, happy Benedict!" continued I, laughing; "tell me where I may find such a partner, and I will forthwith join your fraternity."

"Don't talk rashly, James; but rather make all the preparations you need for a long visit, and join me two hours hence."

He named the place of meeting. Both were punctual, and we duly arrived at Hop Villa.

I did not expect to see such a lovely domain as that which called my old friend master, and its extent as far exceeded my anticipations as did its beauty. "So this is your home?" I asked, my face expressing both surprise and pleasure.

"Yes, all is really mine these boundaries enclose. I see you wonder how it came to be so; but I do not like to begin a long story before dinner, so be patient a while longer."

We were near the house when we came upon the gardener, who was examining the withered remains of an old hop-vine.

"Is it quite dead, Scott?" asked my friend.

"Quite, sir. Shall I remove it?"

"I suppose you must; but I feel sorry to give the order. Remember, you procure and plant another in its place immediately. I must not have Hop Villa without one vine."

"I have been wondering," said I, "what induced you to give this charming place the name it bears—if, indeed, you acted as its sponsor."

"Ah! thereby hangs a—or rather the—tale; but wait till after dinner."

I must say I felt very forlorn, in comparison with my friend, when I saw the joyous greetings he received from a handsome matron, and half-a-dozen boys and girls, varying in age from six to eighteen. In spite of his mock-lugubrious expression of face, when he informed me that these formed only a portion of his "responsibilities," for one olive branch was at college, and the youngest tendrils of his household vine would come in with the dessert, one might see that his home deserved the name. It was pleasant to receive a sort of reflected edition of all their cordiality, and I felt my heart warm in return, though I knew their welcome was for Luke's sake, not from personal friendship towards me.

"Scott is just grubbing up the old hop vine, Nelly," said my friend to his wife.

This remark called forth quite a chorus of regretful expressions, and made me ask for information as to the cause of such universal interest.

"Patience, James," said Swinton; and "Dinner," said a servant at the same moment; so I was fain to marshal my hostess to the dining-room, and endure uncomplainingly several jocose remarks on the subject of "hops," which were evidently generally understood, though I could not comprehend their meaning.

Much as I admired my host's charming family, I felt glad when he and I had the dining-room to ourselves, with a prospect of an unrestrained chat.

"My wife was a very fall-in-love-with-able person, seven-and-twenty years ago," said Luke, after the door had closed upon that lady.

"You need not tell me what she was, old fellow," I replied; "she is charming still; and I would soon let her know my opinion, if she were a widow."

"Thank you. I have no wish to test your sincerity in the mode you so feelingly hint at. But take my word for it, in those bygone days, Nelly would have been hard to match. I was intended for the church, as you are aware, and went to college with that profession in view; but during my very first vacation, I met Nelly at a Christmas-party, and she changed everything."

"Did Nelly object to parsons, then?"

"No; but her father did. The old man was very rich, and had amassed his wealth by trade; so he was determined to have a merchant, and no other, for a son-in-law. Nelly was dutiful—though she owned her regard for me—and would enter into no engagement unsanctioned by her father. So the end of it was, that I never went back to Cambridge, but entered the old merchant's office as a clerk."

"Very chivalrous, I am sure; but I presume you would have resigned crowns as well as a mitre—in perspective—to win Nelly."

"Say as you will, it requires some self-denial to give up such fair prospects as I had, and take to plodding and quill-driving with no very definite notions of any reward. Old Stanley—Nelly's father—would only say that, if through my own unaided efforts, I should win a good position in the mercantile world, he would not refuse me when I asked for his daughter. In the meanwhile, I was allowed free communication with my beloved, and we were both young enough to wait a few years; for I was only twenty when we first met, and she was twelve months younger.

"For three years, I toiled like a galley-slave in my new vocation. Old Stanley smiled approvingly, and advanced me fairly enough; but still there was an awful hill to climb before I should dare to say a word about claiming Nelly, or, indeed, before circumstances would permit me to marry without pecuniary aid from her father. My whole capital amounted to £3,000; it was a legacy from a maiden aunt of mine; and many times during these three probationary years had I been tempted to speculate with it, in the hope of taking fortune by storm, as it were, instead of winning it bit by bit."

"I cannot fancy you a speculator, Luke," said I, "though I always considered you a particularly wideawake individual. Do you remember your school nick-name, 'All Eyes?'"

"To be sure I do; and I deserved it. Still, as you say, I am not naturally speculative. I make the most of things in a regular way of business, but run no needless risks. Above all, I hold that he who endangers a pound more than he actually possesses, commits a breach of the command, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Yet I have speculated desperately; and it is of my one gambling transaction I am going to speak. I had made such satisfactory progress under old Stanley's tuition, that at length he proposed I should invest my little capital, and become his partner to the amount I have named above. Well do I remember leaving home on the morning of the day on which he made this proposition. As I passed through the gate which led into the little shrubbery—you recollect the place, James, for you spent many a jovial day at our house when we were lads—I was attracted by the beautiful appearance of a hop-vine which twined lightly round a sapling hard by. I had watched its growth, and now, as its flowers trembled in the soft wind, I paused to admire it before I passed on my way. Before I returned in the evening, I had made arrangements for becoming a partner in the great house of Stanley & Co., and my little capital was, I may say, in my hands ready to reinvest.

"Any person would suppose that, under such circumstances, I should be too much absorbed in meditating on my commercial prospects to notice small external objects. But such was not the case. As usual, I was 'all eyes;' and when I reached the little shrubbery gate, I noticed that the plant which, in the morning, looked so beautiful, was now shrunken, and appeared as though scorched and withered. Curious to know the cause, I went immediately to the library, and took down a work which would, I thought, enlighten me. In it I found a description of what is termed the 'hop-blight;' and on comparing my own small experience with it, I could scarcely doubt that my favorite plant had been thus suddenly struck with the disease. Still, I was not quite satisfied; so I consulted the gardener, who happened to be at work on the lawn. He shook his head when he saw the vine. 'It is the blight, sure enough,' said he. 'Very few hops will there be this year. It comes in this way, and covers a great extent of country all at once, just as though a flame had passed over it.'

"'Then, you think,' said I, 'the crop will be spoiled?'

"'Not a bit of doubt of that sir.'

"'That will do; thank you. I felt anxious to know what had spoiled my vine so suddenly.'

"The man returned to his work, and I, never waiting for dinner, hurried back to town, to purchase every pocket of hops I could lay hold on. It was a desperate game, for I risked every farthing I possessed, *but no more.* Hops were then particularly cheap, for the preceding year had been one of remarkable plenty, and a few hours before I began to buy there was as good a prospect for the coming season. Thanks to my being 'all eyes,' I was first in the field. I made no confidant—I did not even tell Nelly what I was doing. When old Stanley alluded to the partnership, I quietly requested permission to re-consider the matter. His face told that he deemed me a fool, for his offer was certainly a thing to jump at, and he informed Nelly in my presence, and with a perceptible sneer, that I was considering whether a partnership with him would or would not be advisable. The dear girl herself seemed almost hurt about it; but I whispered to her that she must trust me entirely, and she said no more. Nelly had wonderful faith in my infallibility *then.* It would have been a great comfort to me to tell her all about that venture of mine, for I grew quite haggard with keeping it to myself. And how I watched that solitary plant! If I saw the least signs of amendment in its appearance, I trembled: and the more the leaves drooped, the more did my spirits rise. I was like a fellow by the sick bed of one from whom he expects a rich legacy. You see I embarked not only my cash, but all my future prospects in this one venture. If I lost the money, I knew I should be sure to lose Nelly also. The successful speculator is feted as a shrewd man, and his fellows talk of his talent for business; the unlucky one is stigmatised as a gambler and a madman.

"But my anxieties did not last long. The certainty of a failure in the crop of hops became known, and there was an outcry in the market. Nobody knew where all the hops were gone to. The brewers calculating on diminished prices, had but few in hand when the blight came, and now they eagerly sought to increase their stock. You will guess how I held back, and then sent in my precious commodity in small quantities, and how my capital was quadrupled by the transaction."

"I see it all now," interrupted I; "you—"

"Stop, and let me finish. Don't be rude, and spoil my story: it is nearly done. When I had parted with my last parcel of hops, and found myself the possessor of twelve instead of three thousand pounds, I marched boldly into old Stanley's office. 'I want to speak to you about the partnership you were good enough to propose,' said I.

"'So you think of trusting your *fortune* in the concern?'

"I took no notice of the implied taunt, but merely answered: 'Not exactly the amount at first proposed.'

"I quite enjoyed the misunderstanding, for I saw he thought I only wished to venture a part of my cash, since he told me very coldly I had better retain the whole, as he should object to having anything to do with such a very trifling matter.

"'You are under a mistake, Mr. Stanley,' I answered. 'I wish to add a larger, not a smaller, amount to the capital of the firm. I have nine thousand pounds, the result of my first mercantile venture, to add to the three I possessed a short time back;' and then I told him all. I wish you could have seen the old fellow's face. It was not the money he cared for, after all, but the fact of my having proved myself wide awake. He said—and he could not imagine a greater compliment—'Swinton, you deserve to be *my* son-in-law.' I went home with him that day, and after dinner, when Nelly—she had no mother—was going to withdraw, he said: 'Take Swinton with you, and fix the wedding day.' And so she did, like a dear, dutiful daughter, as she always was. Old Stanley behaved very handsomely. This pretty home of ours was his wedding present, and cost more than all my fortune. I need not say now why it is called Hop Villa; and when I tell you that the old vine we lamented the death of, to-day, is a veritable scion of the one which laid the foundation of my happiness, you will not wonder at our regret at losing it."

"Just one question more before we join the ladies, Swinton. Was this your only gambling transaction?"

"Really and truly yes. Remember, I ran the risk of losing money to win a home and a bride; and having gained *these*, would I endanger them for money only, think you?"

"True; you need not enlarge upon it. Now, let us go to the mistress of Hop Villa."

A PLEASURE IN POLITENESS.—The now retired John B.——, once senior partner of the respectable firm of B—— & Co., of a well-known city, during his business career was unfortunate enough to sell a considerable amount to one Jones, on time, of course. Now Jones was an exceedingly polite man; in fact, as it afterwards proved, that weakness was about the only capital he ever did have. Shortly after the purchase, Jones failed, in the direst sense of the term, showing nothing to satisfy his creditors, among whom was Mr. B—— aforesaid. Notwithstanding Jones's misfortune, he continued the use of his favorite weapon—saluting Mr. B—— as often as they met with all the airs of a Brummel. When Mr. B—— could endure this no longer, he met Jones one day, and taking him by the button hole, said, "Jones, you owe me a large sum, and your politeness annoys me. Walk into my counting-house, and I will give you a receipt in full on condition that you never speak to me again." Imagine B——'s feelings when Jones struck the old attitude—hat extended in the left hand, right hand on his heart—saying, "Couldn't think of it, Mr. B——. I would not forego that pleasure for four times the amount!"

☞ A returned Pike's Peak wagon passed our office a few days since, with these words rudely daubed on the cover: "Fizzle—ask no questions." That told the whole story, as well as it could be told in half an hour, and saved the time of the travellers, who felt that they had already wasted too much.—*Des Moines Citizen.*

THE MAGISTRATE OUTWITTED.

BY ALBANY POMBLANQUE, JR.

It is necessary for the purposes of this narrative, that I should take the reader into custody, and carry him before Mr. Oldbeke, the stipendiary magistrate of a nameless city.

A police court is not a savory place at the best of times; but on a warm, wet, foggy November morning, when the great unwashed is present in unusual numbers, on account of the Irish row that has taken place the night before, and the atmosphere teems with odors, among which the concentrated essence of American overshoes and wet cotton umbrellas is the least offensive,—it is about as repulsive a spot as a good walker could find in a day's march. Still, comfortless as is the accommodation, close and foul as is the air, there is that to be seen and learned by anyone who will keep his mind's eye open, in a police court, which will more than requite him for what he may undergo in acquiring the information. The incident I have to recount is a very simple one, but still it conveys a lesson that may be useful.

Ha! silence in court! Here comes the magistrates. That kind-looking middle aged gentleman, who takes his place in the centre of the bench, is Mr. Oldbeke. Supporting him, on his right and left, sit two city justices. Below them, at the head of the table, where the attorneys who defend prisoners are assembling, sits their clerk, hotly besieged by a crowd of men, women, and children, more or less bruised and battered, who are applying for warrants and summonses. One by one the applicants come forward, and state their grievances. The first wants a warrant against her husband, for breaking her arm with a poker. The next demands a summons against John Smith, for kicking his (the speaker's) little boy down stairs. The next seeks to take criminal proceedings against Anne Jones, for "using her shamefully," and is followed by Anne herself in the flesh (and very fleshy she is,) who makes a counter-charge. Then it is recounted how Mary McDowd "up and shied" a quart pewter-pot at Julia O'Shothnessy's head, and cut her cheek open to the bone, merely because the "young man" of the said Mary offered to treat her (the said Julia) to a glass of whiskey. These atrocities are listened to quietly, as though they were ordinary matters of course. Miss McDowd and her "young man" are taken into custody there and then; warrants are granted for the apprehension of such others of his assailants as the policeman can catch; and the court, after having disposed of the "night charges"—that is to say, sending a miserable homeless urchin to prison for eight days for sleeping in a shed, and fining two rapid young gentlemen five shillings each, for being drunk and disorderly—proceeds to hear the cases of felony committed since yesterday morning.

"Put up John Jones," says the clerk.

A good-looking boy of fourteen, appears in the dock, and a fidgetty little man dressed in black, bustles into the witness box. He tells his story as though he were Mr. Charles Matthews singing a "patter-song" of which he has not yet learned the words. He has finished it, and stands gasping for breath, before Mr. Oldbeke has opened his note book, to take down his name and evidence. He is told to begin again, and he obeys, starting off at the same railway speed as before, puffing, spluttering, and gesticulating wildly. After some difficulty he is made to moderate his pace, and subdue his excitement, and then it appears that as he was walking into town to his business, he stopped at a stationer's shop window to see the new number of the London Journal, that whilst he was admiring Mr. Gilbert's illustration, he felt a tug at his coat pocket, that upon looking round, he saw a boy (the prisoner at the bar) running away, and that upon feeling in his pocket he missed his purse.

"Anything known about this boy?" asks Mr. Oldbeke.

"No, sir," replies the superintendent, "nothing."

"Has the purse been found?"

"No, sir," replies a policeman, entering the witness box. "I took the prisoner into custody—he had been caught by the prosecutor. I took him to the station, where he was searched. I found on him the piece of strins, the knife, the half apple, and the twopence halfpenny in copper, which I now produce," and the man in blue laid these articles upon the ledge before him, with the air of one who has just solved a great problem.

"Hum—m," replied Mr. Oldbeke, putting down his pen, and settling his spectacles, "now, Mister-r"—referring to his note-book—"Mister-r Brown, attend to me."

"Yessir—Iamsir—attendingtoyousir."

"Very well—but don't interrupt me."

"Nosir—Iwon'tsir."

"Now, how long before you felt this tug at your pocket did you know that you had your purse safe?"

"Oh, sir—Ihaditquitesafesir," spluttered Mr. Smith, relapsing into his former state of rapid utterance and excitement.

"Perhaps," continued the magistrate, "but that is no answer to my question. How long before you felt the tug, did you know that you had it safe?"

"Howlongsir?"

"Yes, yes—man, you understand me well enough—how long?"

"Wellsir—Ireallydon'tknowsir—thatislam perfectlycertainsuresir———whysirMaryJanesir that'smywifesir—knowswittobetruesir—that—I—alwaysdoputitinmypocketsir—whneverIgo outyourworshipsir."

"Can—you—swear—Brown," said Mr. Oldbeke, shaking his head at the witness, "that—you—put your purse into your pocket when you left your house this morning? Now, sir, yes or no."

"Yes, sir—I mean no, sir."

"Now, really, Mr. Brown," replied the careful magistrate, leaning back in his chair, "how can you expect that I am to believe you if you say one thing and then another? Just try and collect yourself, and think."

"Wellsir—Icouldalmostswearsir—Iputitinmy pocketsir—Ialwaysdo."

"*You always do!* That is not enough for me. Your purse may be at your house in another coat, or on the table for anything that I know at this moment. *I always* put my watch in my fob, and just now when I felt for it, and missed it, I thought as you think now, that I had been robbed. But after a moment's calm reflection I remembered *that I had left it in one of the ornaments on the mantel piece in my dressing-room.*"

At this moment there was a slight stir in the gallery.

"One more question, Mr. Brown," continued the magistrate, "where did you catch this boy?"

"At the corner of King Street, sir."

"How far is that from where you felt the tug at your pocket?"

"About a quarter of a mile, sir."

"You ran after the prisoner all that way?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many times did you lose sight of him?"

"Four or five times, sir."

"And how many corners did he turn?"

"Let me see, sir, one—two—three—four—five—s—six—ser—en—seven, sir."

"Now, how do you know that the boy you caught, was the same boy you had started after?"

"Because he was running away, sir."

"Is that your only reason?"

"Yes, sir."

"So you ran after a boy for a quarter of a mile—lost sight of him four times—turned seven corners (thus missing him eleven times in all) seized upon the first lad you find running, and bring him here?"

"Yes, sir," replied the unabashed Mr. Brown.

"Then you may take him away again—the prisoner is discharged."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Oldbeke proceeds with his day's work in the Police Court, and Mrs. Oldbeke attends to her household duties in the pretty suburban villa in which the worthy magistrate resides. Just as she has finished ordering his dinner, a nice-looking youth bearing a brace of pheasants, and a hare, rings at the front door, and desires to see her.

"Oh, if you please ma'am," says the nice-looking youth, "Captain Sampson sent me to the court with this game for Mr. Oldbeke, as he did not know his private address, and Mr. Oldbeke desired me to take it home for him; and Mr. Oldbeke says, would you be good enough to send his watch, *which he has left in one of the ornaments on the mantel-piece in his dressing-room.*

"Here, Jane," says Mrs. Oldbeke, "take this game down into the larder, and then run up to your master's dressing-room and get his watch; he forgot to put it on this morning, and give it to this young man, Jane, and mind," turning to the nice-looking youth, "that you take great care of it, for it is a very valuable and favorite one."

So the game is put away, the watch brought down, and the nice-looking youth minds and takes great care of it.

* * * * * * *

Scene—The villa of Mr. Oldbeke. *Time*—5 o'clock in the afternoon. *Enter* Mr. Oldbeke from the Police Court. *To him*—as we read in the old comedies—*his wife.*

Mrs. Oldbeke. "How inconvenienced you must have been without your watch, my dear."

Mr. Oldbeke. "Ah, that I was, indeed; but it was all my own fault."

Mrs. Oldbeke. "I have been to see that dear little Mrs. Wrosebud, and her sweet baby. She is to come down to-morrow, so I think I shall send her one of those pheasants!"

Mr. Oldbeke. "Pheasants!—What pheasants?"

Mrs. Oldbeke. "Why those Captain Sampson sent."

Mr. Oldbeke. "Upon my word it is very civil of him; how many did he send?"

Mrs. Oldbeke. "One brace and a hare. Did you not see them when you spoke to the messenger?"

Mr. Oldbeke. "What messenger?"

Mrs. Oldbeke. "Dear me! How dense you are to-day. The young man you sent for your watch."

Mr. Oldbeke (*astonished*). "*Sent for my watch!*"

Mrs. Oldbeke. "Now, Oldbeke, don't tease. It is well that you remembered to tell him where you had left it, otherwise we never should have found it."

Mr. Oldbeke (*eagerly*). "What, w—what d—did he say?"

Mrs. Oldbeke. "That we should find it in one of the ornaments on the mantel-piece in your dressing room."

Mr. Oldbeke (*sinking into a chair*). "My very words!"

Mrs. Oldbeke. "What is the matter—what do you mean?"

Mr. Oldbeke. "Simply this, my love—that I was foolish enough to use those words in open court, and that some scoundrel has made use of them to obtain my watch." [*Tableau.*

Mrs. Oldbeke (*after a variety of exclamations, and a long pause*). "But the game!—do you think that Captain Sampson really sent it?"

Mr. Oldbeke. "We shall see. If he did not, it may afford a clue to the thief. Don't say anything more about it, my dear. Let Jane go down to the detective office after dinner and describe the person of the young man, and now I think I'll go and wash my hands."

* * * * * * *

Next day Mr. Oldbeke proceeds with his work at the Police Court, Mrs. Oldbeke attends to her household duties. Just as she has finished ordering dinner, a "Hansom" cab drives up at a furious pace, stops at the door, a short burly man springs out, rings the bell, and demands to see "the lady."

"I'm a detective officer, ma'am," said the burly man, "my name's Lagger—here's my card. From information I received, I apprehended the young man who stole Mr. Oldbeke's watch, and from inquiries that I have made I find that he left here two pheasants and a hare. Am I right, mum?"

"Yes—yes; go on," replied Mrs. Oldbeke.

"There is a card with writing on it attached to the left-hand leg of the hare. Am I right again, mum?"

"I think you are; but go on."

"The writing on that *hare* card corresponds with that in this *here* book;" and Mr. Lagger produced a greasy account book. "Do I continue to speak what's correct, mum?"

"Supposing that you are—what then?" Mrs. Oldbeke was growing cautious.

"Why, mum, I must trouble you for the loan of them pheasants and the hare, to try and trace them where they was bought, and to produce them at the station agin the prisoner."

"But, my good man," said Mrs. Oldbeke, "I don't doubt you, of course; but you know we have been taken in once already. How am I to be sure that you are really a policeman? Pray don't be offended, but——."

"Quite right, mum—quite right," replied Mr. Lagger, in a tone of high approbation. "I likes to see a lady sharp, and with her eye teeth about her like. You shall be sure that I am a policeman, though in plain clothes on account of this 'ere duty I'm on. I told you that I had got the thief, mum—but that ain't all—I've got back Mr. Oldbeke's watch."

"Oh, have you really! I am so glad."

"Should you know it again if you was to see it, mum?"

"Oh, yes."

"Is this here it?" and Mr. Lagger dived into his capacious pocket, and dragged up the stolen watch by the chain.

"Now, mum," he continued, repouching the time-piece, after it had been identified by Mrs. Oldbeke, with many explanations of delight at its recovery. "I think its pretty clear who *I* am."

"Oh, yes, I'm quite convinced now; here, Jane, give the policeman the game, and policeman, would you like to take anything to eat or drink?"

"Mrs. Oldbeke," replied Mr. Lagger severely, "I never touches bite or sup when I'm on duty. *Good* morning, mum."

"He is evidently a very intelligent and active officer," Mrs. Oldbeke remarked, as the door closed upon Mr. Lagger, and he drove off in his "Hansom" cab.

* * * * * * *

Scene—The villa of Mr. Oldbeke. *Time*—Five o'clock in the afternoon. *Enter* Mr. Oldbeke, from the Police Court. *To him his wife.*

Mrs. Oldbeke. "Well, dear, I'm so rejoiced that you have recovered it."

Mr. Oldbeke. "It? What's '*it*'?"

Mrs. Oldbeke. "Why your watch, to be sure."

Mr. Oldbeke. "But I have not recovered it."

Mrs. Oldbeke. "Then you have not seen Mr. Lagger, the Detective?"

Mr. Oldbeke. "No—not to-day. I left court early, and have been at the club."

Mrs. Oldbeke. "Oh that accounts for it. He has caught the thief, and got back your watch. I saw it in his hand. He came for the game this afternoon, and took it away in order to trace it as you suggested."

Mr. Oldbeke. "Ha! that's all right, then."

Enter JANE.

Jane. "If you please, sir, Mr. Lagger, sir, wants to speak to you."

Mr. Oldbeke. "Show him in."

Enter LAGGER.

"Well, Lagger, what about my watch?"

(*On the appearance of* Mr. L., *who is a remarkably tall, quiet man,* Mrs. Oldbeke *becomes greatly agitated.*)

Lagger. "No trace of it, sir, I'm sorry to say."

Mrs. Oldbeke. "I—is—t—this Mr. L—lagger?"

Lagger (*bowing politely*). "At your service, madam!"

Mrs. Oldbeke. "Then who was it that came to-day and took——"

Mr. Oldbeke (*interrupting her, and perceiving what is coming*). "I'll speak to you to-morrow, Lagger; never mind waiting now."

[*Exit* LAGGER.

Mrs. Oldbeke (*greatly agitated*). "But Oldbeke, I *conjure* you——"

Mr. Oldbeke. "Don't, my love. I can see through this business at a glance. We have been taken in *twice.* The man who came to-day pretending to be a Detective, was an accomplice of the thief. They baited their trap with game to catch my watch—having caught it they have taken the bait away again—that's all." [*Tableau.*

Mrs. Oldbeke (*recovering*). "And the wretch held it in his hand before my eyes! Oh, it is unbearable!"

Mr. Oldbeke. "Don't talk about it, my love. It's gone, and there's an end of it. So now I think I'll go and wash my hands."

SHARP REPLIES.—Horne Tooke was noted for his quick and sharp replies. Mr. Rogers, in his Recollections, gives the following examples:—

"So I understand, Mr. Tooke, you have all the blackguards in London with you," said O'Brien to him on the hustings at Westminster. "I am happy to have it, sir, on such good authority."

"Now, young man, as you are settled in town," said an uncle, "I would advise you to take a wife." "With all my heart, sir; whose wife shall I take?"

"The law," said Judge Ashurst, in a charge, "is open to all men, to the poor as well as the rich." "And so is the London Tavern," said Tooke.

"If I were compelled," said Lord Grey, somewhere publicly, "to make a choice, I should not hesitate to prefer despotism to anarchy." "Then you would do," replied Tooke, "as your ancestors did at the Reformation. They rejected purgatory, and kept hell."

☞ To write news in its perfection requires such a combination of qualities, that a man completely fitted for the task is not always to be found. In Sir Henry Wotton's jocular definition, "An ambassador is said to be a man of virtue sent to lie abroad for the advantage of his country; a news-writer is a man without virtue, who lies at home for his own profit." To these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness; but contempt of shame, and indifference to truth are absolutely necessary.—*Dr. Johnson.*

POETS are all who love—who feel great truths
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love.
FESTUS: *by P. J. Bailey.*

MY PSALM.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I mourn no more my vanished years;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope and fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of Spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the Autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track—
That wherese'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

—"*Atlantic*" *for August.*

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HONEST TRADESMAN.

To the eyes of Mr. Jeremiah Cruncher, sitting on his stool in Fleet street with his grisly urchin beside him, a vast number and variety of objects in movement were every day presented. Who could sit upon anything in Fleet street during the busy hours of the day, and not be dazed and deafened by two immense processions, one ever tending westward with the sun, the other ever tending eastward from the sun, both ever tending to the plains beyond the range of red and purple where the sun goes down!

With his straw in his mouth, Mr. Cruncher sat watching the two streams, like the heathen rustic who has for several centuries been on duty watching one stream—saving that Jerry had no expectation of their ever running dry. Nor would it have been an expectation of a hopeful kind, since a small part of his income was derived from the pilotage of timid women (mostly of a full habit and past the middle term of life) from Tellson's side of the tides to the opposite shore. Brief as such companionship was in every separate instance, Mr. Cruncher never failed to become so interested in the lady as to express a strong desire to have the honor of drinking her very good health. And it was from the gifts bestowed upon him towards the execution of this benevolent purpose, that he recruited his finances, as just now observed.

Time was, when a post sat upon a stool in a public place, and mused in the sight of men. Mr. Cruncher, sitting on a stool in a public place, but not being a post, mused as little as possible, and looked about him.

It fell out that he was thus engaged in a season when crowds were few, and belated women few, and when his affairs in general were so unprosperous as to awaken a strong suspicion in his breast that Mrs. Cruncher must have been "flopping" in some pointed manner, when an unusual concourse pouring down Fleet street westward, attracted his attention. Looking that way, Mr. Cruncher made out that some kind of funeral was coming along, and that there was popular objection to this funeral, which engendered uproar.

"Young Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, turning to his offspring, "it's a buryin'."

"Hoorar, father!" cried Young Jerry.

The young gentleman uttered this exultant sound with mysterious significance. The elder gentleman took the cry so ill, that he watched his opportunity, and smote the young gentleman on the ear.

"What dy'e mean? What are you hoorearing at? What do you want to conwey to your own father, you young Rip? This boy is a getting too many for *me!*" said Mr. Cruncher, surveying him. "Him and his hoorears! Don't let me hear no more of you, or you shall feel some more of me. Dy'e hear?"

"I warn't doing no harm," Young Jerry protested, rubbing his cheek.

"Drop it, then," said Mr. Cruncher; "I won't have none of *your* no harms. Get a top of that there seat, and look at the crowd."

His son obeyed, and the crowd approached; they were hauling and hissing round a dingy hearse and dingy mourning coach, in which mourning coach there was only one mourner, dressed in the dingy trappings that were considered essential to the dignity of the position. The position appeared by no means to please him, however, with an increasing rabble surrounding the coach, deriding him, making grimaces at him, and incessantly groaning and calling out: "Yah! Spies! Tst! Yah! Spies!" with many compliments too numerous and forcible to repeat.

Funerals had at all times a remarkable attraction for Mr. Cruncher; he always pricked up his senses, and became excited when a funeral passed Tellson's. Naturally, therefore, a funeral with this uncommon attendance excited him greatly, and he asked of the first man who ran against him:

"What is it, brother? What's it about?"

"*I* don't know," said the man. "Spies! Yaha! Tst! Spies!"

He asked another man. "Who is it?"

"*I* don't know," returned the man, clapping his hands to his mouth nevertheless, and vociferating in a surprising heat and with the greatest ardor, "Spies! Yaha! Tst, tst! Spi-ies!"

At length, a person better informed on the merits of the case, tumbled against him, and from this person he learned that the funeral was the funeral of one Roger Cly.

"Was he a spy?" asked Mr. Cruncher.

"Old Bailey spy," returned his informant. "Yaha! Tst! Yah! Old Bailey Spi-i-ies!"

"Why, to be sure!" exclaimed Jerry, recalling the trial at which he had assisted. "I've seen him. Dead, is he?"

"Dead as mutton," returned the other, "and can't be too dead. Have 'em out, there! Spies! Pull 'em out, there! Spies!"

The idea was so acceptable in the prevalent absence of any idea, that the crowd caught it up with eagerness, and loudly repeating the suggestion to have 'em out, and to pull 'em out, mobbed the two vehicles so closely that they came to a stop. On the crowd's opening the coach doors, the one mourner scuffled out of himself and was in their hands for a moment; but he was so alert, and made such good use of his time, that in another moment he was scouring away up a by-street, after shedding his cloak, hat, long hatband, white pocket-handkerchief, and other symbolical tears.

These, the people tore to pieces and scattered far and wide with great enjoyment, while the tradesmen hurriedly shut up their shops; for a crowd in those times stopped at nothing, and was a monster much dreaded. They had already got the length of opening the hearse to take the coffin out, when some brighter genius proposed instead, its being escorted to its destination amidst general rejoicing. Practical suggestion being much needed, this suggestion, too, was received with acclamation, and the coach was immediately filled with eight inside and a dozen out, while as many people got on the roof of the hearse as could by the exercise of ingenuity stick upon it. Among the first of these volunteers was Jerry Cruncher himself, who modestly concealed his spiky head from the observation of Tellson's, in the further corner of the mourning coach.

The officiating undertakers made some protest against these changes in the ceremonies; but the river being alarmingly near, and several voices remarking on the efficacy of cold immersion in bringing refractory members of the profession to reason, the protest was faint and brief. The remodelled procession started, with a chimney-sweep driving the hearse—advised by the regular driver, who was perched beside him, under close inspection for the purpose—and with a pieman, also attended by his cabinet minister, driving the mourning coach. A bear-leader, a popular street character of the time, was impressed as an additional ornament, before the cavalcade had gone far down the Strand; and his bear, who was black and very mangy, gave quite an Undertaking air to that part of the procession in which he walked.

Thus, with beer-drinking, pipe-smoking, song roaring, and infinite caricaturing of woe, the disorderly procession went its way, recruiting at every step, and all the shops shutting up before it. Its destination was the old church of Saint Pancras, far off in the fields. It got there in course of time; insisted on pouring into the burial-ground; finally, accomplished the interment of the deceased Roger Cly in its own way, and highly to its own satisfaction.

The dead man disposed of, and the crowd being under the necessity of providing some other entertainment for itself, another brighter genius (or perhaps the same) conceived the humor of impeaching casual passers by, as Old Bailey spies, and wreaking vengeance on them. Chase was given to some scores of inoffensive persons who had never been near the Old Bailey in their lives, in the realization of this fancy, and they were roughly hustled and maltreated. The transition to the sport of window breaking, and thence to the plundering of public-houses, was easy and natural. At last, after several hours, when sundry summer-houses had been pulled down, and some area railings had been torn up, to arm the more belligerent spirits, a rumor got about that the Guards were coming. Before this rumor, the crowd gradually melted away, and perhaps the Guards came, and perhaps they never came, and this was the usual progress of a mob.

Mr. Cruncher did not assist at the closing sports, but had remained behind in the churchyard, to confer and condole with the undertakers. The place had a soothing influence on him. He procured a pipe from a neighboring public-house, and smoked it, looking in at the railings and maturely considering the spot.

"Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, apostrophising himself in his usual way, "you see that there Cly that day, and you see with your own eyes that he was a young 'un and a straight made 'un."

Having smoked his pipe out, and ruminated a little longer, he turned himself about, that he might appear, before the hour of closing, on his station at Tellson's. Whether his meditations on mortality had touched his liver, or whether his general health had been previously at all amiss, or whether he desired to show a little attention to an eminent man, is not so much to the purpose, as that he made a short call upon his medical adviser—a distinguished surgeon—on his way back.

Young Jerry relieved his father with dutiful interest, and reported No job in his absence. The bank closed, the ancient clerks came out, the usual watch was set, and Mr. Cruncher and his son went home to tea.

"Now, I tell you where it is!" said Mr. Cruncher to his wife, on entering. "If, as a honest tradesman, my wentura goes wrong to-night, I shall make sure that you've been praying again me, and I shall work you for it just the same as if I seen you do it."

The dejected Mrs. Cruncher shook her head.

"Why, you're at it afore my face!" said Mr. Cruncher, with signs of angry apprehension.

"I am saying nothing."

"Well then; don't meditate nothing. You might as well flop as meditate. You may as well go again me one way as another. Drop it altogether."

"Yes, Jerry."

"Yes, Jerry," repeated Mr. Cruncher, sitting down to tea. "Ah! It *is* yes, Jerry. That's about it. You may say yes, Jerry."

Mr. Cruncher had no particular meaning in these sulky corroborations, but made use of them, as people not unfrequently do, to express general ironical dissatisfaction.

"You and your yes, Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, taking a bite out of his bread and butter, and seeming to help it down with a large invisible oyster out of his saucer. "Ah! I think so. I believe you."

"You are going out to night?" asked his decent wife, when he took another bite.

"Yes, I am."

"May I go with you, father?" asked his son, briskly.

"No, you mayn't. I'm a going—as your mother knows—a fishing. That's where I'm going to. Going a fishing."

"Your fishing-rod gets rayther rusty; don't it, father?"

"Never you mind."

"Shall you bring any fish home, father?"

"If I don't you'll have short commons to-morrow," returned that gentleman, shaking his head; "that's questions enough for you; I an't a going out till you've been long a-bed."

He devoted himself during the remainder of the evening to keeping a most vigilant watch on Mrs. Cruncher, and sullenly holding her in conversation that she might be prevented from meditating any petitions to his disadvantage. With this view, he urged his son to hold her in conversation also, and led the unfortunate woman a hard life by dwelling on any causes of complaint he could bring against her, rather than he would leave her for a moment to her own reflections. The devoutest person could have rendered no greater homage to the efficacy of an honest prayer than he did in this distrust of his wife. It was as if a professed unbeliever in ghosts should be frightened by a ghost story.

"And mind you," said Mr. Cruncher. "No games to-morrow! If I, as a honest tradesman, succeed in providing a jinte of meat or two, none of your not touching of it, and sticking to bread. If I, as a honest tradesman, am able to provide a little beer, none of your declaring on water. When you go to Rome, do as Rome does. Rome will be a ugly customer to you, if you don't. *I'm* your Rome, you know."

Then he began grumbling again:

"With your flying into the face of your own wittels and drink! I don't know how scarce you mayn't make the wittels and drink here, by your flopping tricks and your unfeeling conduct. Look at your boy! he *is* your'n, ain't he? He's as thin as a lath. Do you call yourself a mother, and not know that a mother's first duty is to blow her boy out?"

This touched young Jerry on a tender place; who adjured his mother to perform her first duty, and, whatever else she did or neglected, above all things to lay especial stress on the discharge of that maternal function so affectingly and delicately indicated by his other parent.

Thus the evening wore away with the Cruncher family, until Young Jerry was ordered to bed, and his mother, laid under similar injunctions, obeyed them. Mr. Cruncher beguiled the earlier watches of the night with solitary pipes, and did not start upon his excursion until nearly one o'clock. Towards that small and ghostly hour, he rose up from his chair, took a key out of his pocket, opened a locked cupboard, and brought forth a sack, a crowbar of convenient size, a rope and chain, and other fishing tackle of that nature. Disposing these articles about him in a skilful manner, he bestowed a parting defiance on Mrs. Cruncher, extinguished the light, and went out.

Young Jerry, who had only made a feint of undressing when he went to bed, was not long after his father. Under cover of the darkness he followed out of the room, followed down the stairs, followed down the court, followed out into the streets. He was in no uneasiness concerning his getting into the house again, for it was full of lodgers, and the door stood ajar all night.

Impelled by a laudable ambition to study the art and mystery of his father's honest calling, Young Jerry, keeping as close to houses-fronts, walls, and doorways, as his eyes were close to one another, held his honored parent in view. The honored parent steering Northward, had not gone far, when he was joined by another disciple of Izaak Walton, and the two trudged on together.

Within half an hour from the first starting, they were beyond the winking lamps, and the more than winking watchmen, and were out upon a lonely road. Another fisherman was picked up here—and that so silently, that if Young Jerry had been superstitious, he might have supposed the second follower of the gentle craft to have, all of a sudden, split himself into two.

The three went on, and Young Jerry went on, until the three stopped under a bank overhanging the road. Upon the top of the bank was a low brick wall surmounted by an iron railing. In the shadow of bank and wall, the three turned out of the road, and up a blind lane, of which the wall—there, risen to some eight or ten feet high—formed one side. Crouching down in a corner, peeping up the lane, the next object that Young Jerry saw, was the form of his honored parent, pretty well defined against a watery and clouded moon, nimbly scaling an iron gate. He was soon over, and then the second fisherman got over, and then the third. They all dropped softly on the ground within the gate, and lay there a little—listening perhaps. Then, they moved away on their hands and knees.

It was now Young Jerry's turn to approach the gate; which he did, holding his breath. Crouching down again in a corner there, and looking in, he made out the three fishermen creeping through some rank grass; and all the gravestones in the church-yard—it was a large church-yard that they were in—looking on like ghosts in white, while the church tower itself looked on like the ghost of a monstrous giant. They did not creep far, before they stopped and stood upright. And then they began to fish.

They fished with a spade, at first. Presently the honored parent appeared to be adjusting some instrument like a great corkscrew. Whatever tools they worked with, they worked hard, until the awful striking of the church clock so terrified Young Jerry, that he made off, with his hair as stiff as his father's.

But, his long-cherished desire to know more about these matters, not only stopped him in his running away, but lured him back again. They were still fishing perseveringly, when he peeped in at the gate for the second time; but, now they seem to have got a bite. There was a screwing and complaining sound down below, and their bent figures were strained, as if by a weight. By slow degrees the weight broke away the earth upon it, and came to the surface. Young Jerry very well knew what it would be; but, when he saw it, and saw his honored parent about to wrench it open, he was so frightened, being new to the sight, that he made off again, and never stopped until he had run a mile or more.

He would not have stopped then, for anything less necessary than breath, it being a spectral sort of race that he ran, and one highly desirable to get to the end of. He had a strong idea that the coffin he had seen was running after him; and, pictured as hopping on behind him, bolt upright upon its narrow end, always on the point of overtaking him and hopping on at his side—perhaps taking his arm—it was a pursuer to shun. It was an inconsistent and ubiquitous fiend too, for, while it was making the whole night behind him dreadful, he darted out into the roadway to avoid dark alleys, fearful of its coming hopping out of them like a dropsical boy's-Kite without tail and wings. It hid in door-ways too, rubbing its horrible shoulders against doors, and drawing them up to its ears, as if it were laughing. It got into shadows on the road, and lay cunningly on its back to trip him up. All this time it was incessantly hopping on behind and gaining on him, so that when the boy got to his own door he had reason for being half dead. And even then it would not leave him, but followed him up-stairs with a bump on every stair, scrambled into bed with him, and bumped down, dead and heavy, on his breast when he fell asleep.

From his oppressed slumber, Young Jerry in his closet was awakened, after daybreak and before sunrise, by the presence of his father in the family room. Something had gone wrong with him; at least, so Young Jerry inferred, from the circumstance of his holding Mrs. Cruncher by the ears, and knocking the back of her head against the headboard of the bed.

"I told you I would," said Mr. Cruncher, "and I did."

"Jerry, Jerry, Jerry!" his wife implored.

"You oppose yourself to the profit of the business," said Jerry, "and me and my partners suffer. You was to honor and obey; why the devil don't you?"

"I try to be a good wife, Jerry," the poor woman protested, with tears.

"Is it being a good wife to oppose your husband's business? Is it honoring your husband to dishonor his business? Is it obeying your husband to disobey him on the vital subject of his business?"

"You hadn't taken to the dreadful business then, Jerry."

"It's enough for you," retorted Mr. Cruncher, "to be the wife of a honest tradesman, and not to occupy your female mind with calculations when he took to his trade or when he didn't. A honoring and obeying wife would let his trade alone altogether. Call yourself a religious woman? If you're a religious woman, give me a irreligious one! You have no more nat'ral sense of duty than the bed of this here Thames river has of a pile, and similarly it must be knocked into you."

The altercation was conducted in a low tone of voice, and terminated in the honest tradesman's kicking off his clay-soiled boots, and lying down at his length on the floor. After taking a timid peep at him lying on his back, with his rusty hands under his head for a pillow, his son lay down too, and fell asleep again.

There was no fish for breakfast, and not much of anything else. Mr. Cruncher was out of spirits, and out of temper, and kept an iron pot-lid by him as a projectile for the correction of Mrs. Cruncher, in case he should observe any symptoms of her saying Grace. He was brushed and washed at the usual hour, and set off with his son to pursue his ostensible calling.

Young Jerry, walking with the stool under his arm, at his father's side, along sunny and crowded Fleet street, was a very different young Jerry from him of the previous night, running home through darkness and solitude from his grim pursuer. His cunning was fresh with the day, and his qualms were gone with the night—in which particulars it is not improbable that he had compeers in Fleet street and the City of London, that fine morning.

"Father," said Young Jerry, as they walked along; taking care to keep at arm's length and to have the stool well between them; "what's a Resurrection-Man?"

Mr. Cruncher came to a stop on the pavement before he answered,

"How should I know?"

"I thought you knowed everything, father," said the artless boy.

"Hem! Well," returned Mr. Cruncher, going on again, and lifting off his hat to give his spikes free play, "he's a tradesman."

"What's his goods, father?" asked the brisk Young Jerry.

"His goods," said Mr. Cruncher, after turning it over in his mind, "is a branch of Scientific goods."

"Persons' bodies, ain't it, father?" asked the lively boy.

"I believe it is somethink of that sort," said Mr. Cruncher.

"Oh, father, I should solike to be a Resurrection-Man when I'm quite growed up!"

Mr. Cruncher was soothed, but shook his head in a dubious and moral way. "It depends upon how you dewelop your talents. Be careful to dewelop your talents, and never to say no more than you can help to nobody, and there's no telling at the present time what you may not come to be fit for." As Young Jerry, thus encouraged, went on a few yards in advance, to plant the stool in the shadow of the Bar, Mr. Cruncher added to himself: "Jerry, you honest tradesman, there's hopes wot that boy will yet be a blessing to you, and a recompense to you for his mother!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PASSAGES

FROM TENNYSON'S NEW POEM, "IDYLS OF THE KING."

Fortune and Her Wheel.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Trust Me Not at All, or All in All.

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers;
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by-and-bye will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping; let it go;
But shall it? answer, darling, answer no—
And trust me not at all, or all in all.

The Song of Love and Death.

Sweet is true love though given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain;
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be;
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
Oh, Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs but follow death, who calls for me;
Call and I follow, I follow!—let me die.

THE SECRET OF INCOMBUSTIBILITY.—In February, 1677, an Englishman, of the name of Richardson, came to Paris, and gave some very curious performances, which proved, according to his statement, his incombustibility. He was seen to roast a piece of meat on his tongue, light a piece of charcoal in his mouth by means of a pair of bellows, seize a bar of red-hot iron in his hand, or hold it between his teeth. This Englishman's servant published his master's secret, which may be found in the *Journal des Sciences*. In 1809, a Spaniard, of the name of Leonetto, gave performances at Paris. He also handled a bar of red-hot iron with impunity, passed it through his hair, or stepped upon it; drank boiling oil, plunged his fingers into melted lead, put some on his tongue, and ended his performance by licking a piece of red hot iron. This extraordinary man attracted the attention of Professor Sementrici who began carefully watching him. The professor remarked that the tongue of the *incombustible* was covered with a gray layer, and this discovery led him to try some experiments on himself. He discovered that rubbing in a solution of alum, evaporated to a spongy state, rendered the skin insensible to the action of red-hot iron. He also rubbed himself with soap, and found that even the hair did not burn when in that state. Satisfied with these investigations, the physician rubbed his tongue with soap and a solution of alum, and the red-hot iron produced no sensation on him. The tongue, when thus prepared, could also receive boiling oil, which grew cold, and could then be swallowed. M. Sementrici also detected that the melted lead Leonetto employed was only Arcet's metal, fusible at the temperature of boiling water.—*Memoirs of Robert Houdin.*

☞ In a recent lecture on marriage, the Rev. G. W. Woodruff, in Connecticut, said: "I know of no more distressing thing than a large-hearted, noble, expansive man linked to a petulant, little-souled, henpecking woman, or a noble woman linked to one of those sordid, mean little libels upon mankind."

A FRENCH STORY.

A Paris letter writer to the Boston Post has the following "French story:"

The only joke of the week has been a sorry one. The smallest and prettiest of all our *lionnes*, whose capacity at a bull's eye or a cigar, or a boat race, has endeared her to every danger-loving club which holds claim to any distinction in Paris, took it into her head to attend a representation given by the officers at Fontainbleau an evening or two since. The little lady is rusticating, oh, horror! with her husband, a few miles from town, at a snug little box, quite buried deep in the wood, where the want of water and the want of words both make themselves wofully manifest during the long, dreary summer season. The husband, as usual with mankind, owing to that social state, happened to be in a perverse humor, and refused to accompany his wife. So trifling a circumstance, however, influenced her not, and she set forth, accompanied only by the man-servant, being herself quite competent to drive the little pair of ponies through any amount of danger. The husband had tried in vain to frighten her with menaces of robbers, pitfalls, and dangers of every kind—the lady laughed them all to scorn, and drove away, fully determined to enjoy her evening with the officers. Which she did. It was midnight before she drove back, and the groom was so full of alarm at the idea of pacing along that forest road, at that dread hour, that he huddled himself up in a corner of the carriage, and, closing his eyes, so as not to see the danger, soon fell fast asleep. The lady drew out a cigar, and comforted herself that way. At a turn in the most lonely part of the drive, a hoarse voice called out to the driver to stop. The voice was not obeyed, quite the contrary; but, notwithstanding, the voice was soon brought by its owner quite close to the carriage—and, in another moment, a form was seen running by the side, which, springing on the step, stood close to the lady amid the darkness, and the voice demanded the money or the life of the fair one who ventured thus so boldly amid the midnight terrors of Fontainbleau. The lady called the groom, but the sleep of the stable-bred underling was too sound for those sweet sounds to break, and the robber became rude enough to lay one hand upon her arm and the other upon the reins. Again the lady faintly screamed for Antoine, but Antoine snored the more, and the robber, putting his leg over the low door of the little carriage, proceeded to take his seat by the lady's side. This was more than could be borne—the lady drew from beneath the cushion the little pistol she so well knows how to wield, and slap bang off it goes, in the dark, through the robber's head. At the report, Antoine suddenly awakes, and with unutterable anguish in his tone exclaims, "Good God, what a foolish joke. Madame, you have killed your husband!" then jumps from the carriage to stop the horses, which were startled by the pistol, and tearing like mad towards home. The poor lady, left alone in the carriage with her husband, was in a most awful position; and not till the horses were calmed and the lantern brought, did she make the joyful discovery that, thanks to the darkness of the night and the agitation of her nerves, she had only wounded, not killed her lord and master, who lay weltering in his blood at the bottom of the carriage, with a bad wound in his neck and a broken shoulder, but not in danger of death, if allowed fair play by the doctors. The adventure has given plenty of talk to the gossips, who will have it that the lady knew fast enough that the *soi-disant* robber was no other than her husband.

ELECTIONEERING.—Governor P——l, of Kentucky, tells a couple of good ones on himself. When on a canvass preceding his election, he stopped at a cabin on the wayside, in the Eastern mountains of the State, for a bite of dinner. The good housewife served him a better repast than he expected, tender and juicy fresh venison being one of the courses, followed by a tempting display of pastry. Cutting into one of the pies and tasting the same, his palate was entirely propitiated, and he paid his compliments to the lady by way of making an inquiry:

"Madam," said he, "this is a very delicious pie; but upon my word I don't know what is the fruit in it—pray tell me, if you please."

"Why! stranger, where did you come from?" demanded the dame in turn.

"Well, I am from the lower part of the State, but no such fruit as this grows there. Indeed, madam, I am ignorant of this fruit, and beg you will inform me what it is."

"Up for Governor," exclaimed the astonished woman, "and don't know huckleberries! Well, I mistrust you ain't fitten for the office!"

The Governor would have relinquished the track, but his party wouldn't let him off; and he was elected in spite of his ignorance of huckleberries.

On another occasion he stopped for supper at a cabin not so well provided as the former. The poor woman of the house had neither sugar, tea, nor coffee, and spread before him a dish of clabber, uttering a profusion of apologies and regrets that her house was so ill provided.

"Why, madam," said he, with perfect truth, "I prefer this to tea or coffee, or even strawberries and cream; and often take it in preference, on hot evenings like this, when at home. It requires no apology, for I couldn't be better suited."

"Now, stranger," responded the doubting lady, "are you lying jist because you are a candidate; for I've hearn tell them candidates is the lyinest critters on the yeth?"

The Governor could only vindicate his truth by bolting a second dish of clabber.

☞ Two countrymen went into a hatter's to buy one of them a hat. They were delighted with a sample, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking-glass. "What is the glass for?" said one of the men. The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed: "What for? why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits him, you stupid!"

☞ A man is most properly said to be "ripe for anything" when he is a little mellow.

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

A grave white-haired seneschal came to their table, and inquired courteously whether Gerard Gerardssoen was of their company. Upon Gerard's answer, he said:

"The Princess Marie would confer with you, young sir; I am to conduct you to her presence."

Instantly all faces within hearing turned sharp round, and were bent with curiosity and envy on the man that was to go to a Princess.

Gerard rose to obey.

"I wager we shall not see you again," said Margaret, calmly, but coloring a little.

"That will you," was the reply: then he whispered in her ear. "This is my good Princess; but you are my Queen." He added aloud: "Wait for me, I pray you, I will presently return."

"Ay, ay!" said Peter, who had just awoke.

Gerard gone, the pair whose dress was so homely, yet they were with the man whom the Princess sent for, became "the cynosure of neighboring eyes;" observing which, William Johnson came forward, acted surprise, and claimed his relations:

"And to think that there was I at your banks, and you saw me not."

"Pardon me, cousin Johnson, I saw you long since," said Margaret, coldly.

"You saw me, and spoke not to me?"

"Nay, cousin, it was for you to welcome us to Rotterdam, as it is for us to welcome you at Sevenbergen. Your servant denied us a seat in your house."

"The idiot!"

"And I had a mind to see whether it was 'like maid like master:' for there is sooth in by-words."

William Johnson blushed purple. He saw Margaret was keen, and suspected him. He did the wisest thing under the circumstances—trusted to deeds, not words. He insisted on their coming home with him at once, and he would show them whether they were welcome to Rotterdam or not.

"Who doubts it, cousin? Who doubts it?" said the scholar.

Margaret thanked him graciously, but demurred to go just now; said she wanted to hear the minstrels again. In about a quarter of an hour Johnson renewed his proposal, and bade her observe that many of the guests had left. Then her real reason came out.

"It were ill manners to our friend; and he will lose us. He knows not where we lodge in Rotterdam, and the city is large, and we have parted company once already."

"Oh!" said Johnson, "we will provide for that. My young man, a hem! I mean my secretary, shall sit here and wait, and bring him on to my house; he shall lodge with me and with no other."

"Cousin, we shall be too burdensome."

"Nay, nay; you shall see whether you are welcome or not—you and your friends, and your friends' friends if need be; and I shall hear what the Princess would with him."

Margaret felt a thrill of joy that Gerard should be lodged under the same roof with her; then she had a slight misgiving.

"But if your young man should be thoughtless, and go play, and Gerard miss him—"

"He go play! He leave the spot where I put him, and bid him stay! Ho! Stand forth, Hans Cloterman."

A figure clad in black serge and dark violet hose got up, and took two steps and stood before them without moving a muscle; a solemn, precise young man, the very statue of gravity and starched propriety. At his aspect Margaret, being very happy, could hardly keep her countenance. But she whispered to Johnson,

"I would put my hand in the fire for him! We are at your command, cousin, as soon as you have given him his orders."

Hans was then instructed to sit at the table and wait for Gerard, and conduct him to Oester-Waagen Street. He replied, not in words, but by calmly taking the seat indicated, and Margaret, Peter, and William Johnson went with the latter.

"And, indeed, it is time you were abed, father, after all your travel," said Margaret. This had been in her mind all along.

Hans Cloterman sat waiting for Gerard, solemn and business like. The minutes flew by, but excited no impatience in that perfect young man. Johnson did him no more than justice when he laughed to scorn the idea of his secretary leaving his post, or neglecting his duty, in pursuit of sport, or out of youthful hilarity and frivolity.

As Gerard was long in coming, the patient Hans—his employer's eye being no longer on him—"tandem custode remoto," improved the time by quaffing solemnly, silently, and at short but accurately measured intervals, goblets of Corsican wine. The wine was strong, so was Cloterman's head; and it was not until Gerard had been gone a good hour that the model secretary had imbibed the notion that creation expected of Cloterman to drink the health of all good fellows, and "nommement" of the Duke of Burgundy there present. With this view, he filled bumper nine, and rose gingerly but solemnly and slowly. Having reached his full height, he instantly rolled upon the grass goblet in hand, spilling the cold liquor on many an ankle, but not disturbing a muscle in his own long face, which, in the total eclipse of reason, retained its gravity, primness, and infallibility.

CHAPTER V.

The seneschal led Gerard through several passages to the door of a pavilion, where some young noblemen, embroidered and feathered, sat sentinel, guarding the heir apparent, and playing cards by the red light of torches their servants held. A whisper from the seneschal, and one of them rose reluctantly, stared at Gerard with haughty surprise, and entered the pavilion. He presently returned, and, beckoning the pair, led them through a passage or two and landed them in an ante-chamber, where sat three more young gentlemen, feathered, furred, and embroidered like pieces of fancy work, and deep in that instructive and edifying branch of learning, dice.

"You can't see the Princess—it is too late," said one.

Another followed suit:—

"She passed this way, but now with her nurse. She is gone to bed, doll and all—deuce ace again!"

Gerard prepared to retire. The seneschal, with an incredulous smile, replied:—

"The young man is here by the Countess's orders; be so good as to conduct him to her ladies."

On this a superb Adonis rose, with an injured look, and led Gerard into a room where sat or lolloped eleven ladies, chattering like magpies. Two, more industrious than the rest, were playing cat's-cradle with fingers as nimble as their tongues. At the sight of a stranger all the tongues stopped like one piece of complicated machinery, and all the eyes turned on Gerard, as if the same string that checked the tongues had turned the eyes on. Gerard was ill at ease before, but this battery of eyes discountenanced him, and down went his eyes on the ground. Then the cowards finding, like the hare who ran by the pond and the frogs scuttled into the water, that there was a creature they could frighten, giggled and enjoyed their prowess. Then a duenna said, severely, "Mesdames!" and they were abashed as one woman. This same duenna took Gerard, and marched before him in solemn silence. The young man's heart sank, and he had half a mind to turn and run out of the place. "What must Princes be," he thought, "when their courtiers are so freezing. Of course they take their breeding from him they serve." These reflections were interrupted by the duenna suddenly introducing him into a room where three ladies sat working, and a pretty little girl tuning a lute. The ladies were richly but not showily dressed, and the duenna went up to the one who was hemming a kerchief, and said a few words in a low tone. This lady then turned towards Gerard, with a smile, and beckoned him to come near her. She did not rise, but she laid aside her work, and her manner of turning towards him, slight as the movement was, was full of grace and ease and courtesy. She began a conversation at once.

"Margaret Van Eyck is an old friend of mine, sir, and I am right glad to have a letter from her hand, and thankful to you, sir, for bringing it to me safely. Marie, my love, this is the young gentleman who brought you that pretty miniature."

"Sir, I thank you a thousand times," said the young lady.

"I am glad you feel obliged to him, sweetheart, for our friend wishes us to do him a little service in return."

"I will do anything on earth for him," replied the young lady, with ardor.

"Anything on earth is nothing in the world," said the Countess of Charolois, quietly.

"Well, then, I will——What would you have me to do, sir?"

Gerard had just found out what high society he was in. "My sovereign demoiselle," said he, gently and a little tremulously, "where there have been no pains there needs no reward."

"But we must obey mamma. All the world must obey mamma."

"That is true. Then, our demoiselle, reward me, if you will, by letting me hear the stave you were going to sing and I interrupted it."

"What, you love music, sir?"

"I adore it."

The little Princess looked inquiringly at her mother, and received a smile of assent. She then took her lute and sang a romaunt of the day. Although but twelve years old, she was a well-taught and pains taking musician. Her little claw swept the chords with courage and precision, and struck out the notes of the arpeggio clear and distinct, and bright like twinkling stars; but the main charm was her voice. It was not mighty, but it was round, clear, full, and ringing like a bell. She sang with a certain modest eloquence, though she knew none of the tricks of feeling. She was too young to be theatrical, or even sentimental, so nothing was forced—all gushed. Her little mouth seemed the mouth of Nature.—The ditty, too, was as pure as its utterance. As there were none of those false divisions—those whining slurs, which are now sold so dear by Italian songsters, though every jackal in India delivers them gratis to his customers all night, and sometimes gets shot for them, and always deserves it—so there were no cadences and fioriturl; the trite, turgid, and feeble expletives of song, the skim milk, with which mindless musicians, and mindless writers quench fire, wash out color, and drown melody and meaning dead.

While the pure and tender strain was flowing from the pure young throat, Gerard's eyes filled with tears. The Countess watched him with interest, for it was usual to applaud the Princess loudly, but not with cheek and eye. So when the voice ceased, and the glasses left off ringing, she asked demurely, "Was he satisfied?"

Gerard gave a little start; the spoken voice broke a charm, and brought him back to earth.

"Oh, madam!" he cried, "surely it is thus that cherubs and seraphs sing and charm the saints in heaven."

"I am somewhat of your opinion, my young friend," said the Countess, with emotion; and she bent a look of love and gentle pride upon her girl: a heavenly look, such as, they say, is given to the eye of the short-lived resting on the short-lived.

The Countess resumed:

"My old friend requests me to be serviceable to you. It is the first favor she has done us the honor of asking us, and the request is sacred. You are in holy orders, sir?"

Gerard bowed.

"I fear you are not a priest, you look too young."

"Oh, no, madam! I am not even a sub-deacon. I am only a lector; but next month I shall be an exorcist; and before long an acolyth."

"Well, Monsieur Gerard, with your accomplishments you can soon pass through the inferior orders. And let me beg you to do so. For the day after you have said your first mass, I shall have the pleasure of appointing you to a benefice."

"Oh, madam!"

"And, Marie, remember I make this promise in your name as well as my own."

"Fear not, mamma: I will not forget. But if he will take my advice, what he will be is Bishop of Liege. The Bishop of Liege is a beautiful bishop. What! don't you remember him, mamma, that day we were at Liege? he was braver than grandpapa himself. He had on a crown—a high one, and it was cut in the middle, and it was full of oh! such beautiful jewels: and his gown stiff with gold; and his mantle, too; and it had a broad border, all pictures: but, above all, his gloves; you have no such gloves, mamma. They were embroidered and covered with jewels, and scented with such lovely scent; I smelt them all the time he was giving me his blessing on my head with them. Dear old man! I dare say he will die soon—most old people do—and then, sir, you can be Bishop, you know, and where—"

"Gently, Marie, gently; bishoprics are for old gentlemen; and this is a young gentleman."

"Mamma! he is not so very young."

"Not compared with you, Marie, eh?"

"He is a good bigness, dear mamma; and I am sure he is *good* enough for a bishop."

"Alas, mademoiselle! you are mistaken."

"I don't know that, Monsieur Gerard; but I am a little puzzled to know on what grounds mademoiselle there pronounced your character so boldly."

"Alas, mamma!" said the Princess, "you have not looked at his face, then;" and she raised her eye-brows at her mother's simplicity.

"I beg your pardon," said the Countess, "I have. Well, sir, if I cannot go quite so fast as my daughter, attribute it to my age, not to a want of interest in your welfare. A benefice will do to begin your career with; and I must take care it is not too far from—what call you the place?"

"Tergou, madam."

"A priest gives up much," continued the Countess; "often, I fear, he learns too late how much;" and her woman's eye rested a moment on Gerard with mild pity and half surprise at his resigning her sex, and all the heaven they can bestow, and the great parental joys; "at least you shall be near your friends. Have you a mother?"

"Yes, madam; thanks be to God!"

"Good! You shall have a church near Tergou. She will thank me. And now, sir, we must not detain you too long from those who have a better claim on your society than we have. Duchess, oblige me by bidding one of the pages conduct him to the hall of banquet; the way is hard to find."

Gerard bowed low to the Countess and the Princess, and backed towards the door.

"I hope it will be a nice benefice," said the Princess to him, with a pretty smile, as he was going out; then, shaking her head with an air of solemn misgiving, "but you had better have been Bishop of Liege."

Gerard followed his new conductor, his heart warm with gratitude; but ere he reached the banquet hall a chill came over him. The mind of one who has led a quiet, uneventful life, is not apt to take in contradictory feelings at the same moment and balance them, but rather to be overpowered by each in turn. While Gerard was with the Countess, the excitement of so new a situation, the unlooked-for promise, the joy and pride it would cause at home, possessed him wholly; but now it was passion's turn to be heard again. What, give up Margaret, whose soft hand he still felt in his, and her deep eyes in his heart? resign her and all the world of love and joy she had opened on him to-day? The revulsion, when it did come, was so strong, that he hastily resolved to say nothing at home about the offered benefice. "The Countess is so good," thought he, "she has a hundred ways of aiding a young man's fortune; she will not compel me to be a priest when she shall learn I love one of her sex; one would almost think she does know it, for she cast a strange look on me, and said, 'A priest gives up much, too much.' I daresay she will give me a place about the palace." And with this hopeful reflection his mind was eased, and, being now at the entrance of the banqueting-hall, he thanked his conductor, and ran hastily with joyful eyes to Margaret. He came in sight of the table—she was gone. Peter was gone too. Nobody was at the table at all; only a citizen in sober garments had just tumbled under it dead drunk, and several persons were raising him to carry him away. Gerard never guessed how important this solemn drunkard was to him; he was looking for "Beauty," and let "the beast" lie. He ran wildly round the hall, which was now comparatively empty. She was not there. He left the palace; outside he found a crowd gaping at two great fanlights just lighted over the gate. He asked them earnestly if they had seen an old man in a gown, and a lovely girl pass out. They laughed at the question. "They were staring at these new lights that turn night into day. They didn't trouble their heads about old men and young wenches, every day sights." From another group he learned there was a mystery being played under canvas hard by, and all the world gone to see it. This revived his hopes, and he went and saw the mystery. In this representation divine personages, too sacred for me to name here, came clumsily down from heaven to talk sophistry with the cardinal virtues, the nine muses, and the seven deadly sins, all present in human shape, and not unlike one another. To enliven which weary stuff in rattled the prince of the power of the air, and an imp that kept molesting him and buffeting him with a bladder, at each thwack of which the crowd were in ecstacies. When the vices had uttered good store of obscenity and the virtues twaddle, the celestials, including the nine muses, went gingerly back to heaven one by one; for there was but one cloud; and two artisans worked it up with its supernatural freight, and worked it down with a winch, in full sight of the audience. These disposed of, the bottomless pit opened and flamed in the centre of the stage; the carpenters and virtues shoved the vices in, and the virtues and Beelzebub and his tormentor danced merrily round the place of eternal torture to the fife and tabor.

This entertainment was writ by the Bishop of Ghent for the diffusion of religious sentiment by the aid of the senses, and was an average specimen of theatrical exhibitions so long as they were in the hands of the clergy. But, alas! in course of time the laity conducted plays, and so the theatre, my reverend friends inform me, has become profane.

Margaret was nowhere in the crowd, and Gerard could not enjoy the performance; he actually went away in Act 2, in the midst of a much-admired piece of dialogue, in which Justice outquibbled Satan. He walked through many streets, but could not find her he sought. At last, fairly worn out, he went to a hostelry and slept till daybreak. All that day, heavy and heartsick, he sought her, but could never fall in with her or her father, nor ever obtain the slightest clue. Then he felt she was false, or had changed her mind. He was irritated now, as well as sad. More good fortune fell on him; he almost hated it. At last on the third day, after he had once more been through every street, he said "She is not in the town, and I shall never see her again. I will go home." He started for Tergou with royal favor promised, with fifteen golden angels in his purse, a golden medal on his bosom, and a heart like a lump of lead. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOREIGN NEWS.

RETURN OF LOUIS NAPOLEON TO PARIS—BUOYANCY OF AUSTRIAN FUNDS—DISCONTENT IN ITALY—THE BASIS OF PEACE IMPRACTICABLE—THE PEACE NOT TO BE RATIFIED BY A CONGRESS OF PARIS, BUT BY A MEETING OF AUSTRIAN, FRENCH AND SARDINIAN REPRESENTATIVES—GREAT ACTIVITY ALONG THE FRENCH COAST—FORTIFICATION OF THE CHANNEL COAST—EARTH BATTERIES BEING CONSTRUCTED FROM CHERBOURG TO DUNKIRK—GREAT AGITATION IN TUSCANY—PROCLAMATION OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OPPOSING AUSTRIA'S RULE—MODENA AND PARMA IN REVOLT—EXCITEMENT AT TURIN.

By the Ocean Queen and Anglo Saxon, we have Liverpool advices to the 21st of July.

The papers contain nothing additional in regard to the basis of peace.

The discontent resulting from Napoleon's hasty course was apparently on the increase, particularly in Italy.

Napoleon arrived at St. Cloud on Sunday morning, the 17th inst. The Empress, with the Imperial Prince and the ladies and officers of the household, were in waiting to receive him. For more than an hour, at the railway station, the little Prince wore his corporal's uniform, and had a laurel crown in his hand ready to give his father on his arrival. As soon as the Emperor arrived he kissed the Empress, then took the Imperial Prince in his arms and held him for some minutes. He afterward gave his arm to the Empress and proceeded in a carriage to the chateau. At noon the Emperor attended Mass, and immediately after received his Ministers. In some quarters it appeared as if a reassuring manifesto from the Emperor was looked for.

Mr. Bigelow writes from Paris to the Evening Post that it is now quite probable that a day will soon be fixed for Napoleon's coronation, the Pope coming to Paris to officiate.

The Queen of Portugal is dead.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says, the representatives of Austria, France and Sardinia will soon meet at Zurich, to conclude the treaty of peace. There will be no Congress of the great Powers called to ratify the treaty, the Emperors of France and of Austria having agreed to settle the difficulties without the intervention of neutral Powers.

Le Nord says the preliminary treaty of peace, although arranged in principal at Villa Franca, will be definitely drawn up at Zurich, and will then be officially communicated to the Courts of Europe, the adhesion of these Courts being indispensable to the organic and international stipulations which form part of the public law of Europe.

The Paris correspondent of the London Post says that both of the Emperors are convinced that the basis of the peace agreed upon by them is in many respects impracticable.

The English journals continue to ridicule the terms of the peace.

The Post (Lord Palmerston's organ) attacks the proceedings at Villa Franca with some severity.

The Paris correspondent of the News says there is a feeling of disappointment and even of indignation among all who took a sincere interest in the object of the war. The Emperor has seriously lowered himself in the opinion of all classes.

Austrian funds were buoyant, and the subscribers to the new Austrian loan had been released from their obligations.

A new ministry had been formed at Turin, Marmora being constituted Minister of War and President of the Council.

By the Turin correspondent of the Daily News, the Piedmontese are described as being a prey to grief and stupor in consequence of the peace, which leaves Sardinia without a fortified frontier.

The Bank of Berlin had lowered the rate of discount to four per cent.

The budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Gladstone) had been presented to Parliament. Its figures show a deficiency of five millions sterling. Mr. Gladstone prefers direct taxation to any other means to meet the deficit. He proposes to add four per cent. to the income tax duties on malt, spirits and tea. Sugar is to be exempt.

Prince Napoleon was at Genoa on the 17th.

An important despatch from Lord John Russell, dated the 22nd of June, strongly urging the importance of the neutrality of Russia, had found its way into print, and attracted much attention both in and out of Parliament.

The announcement of peace is said to have caused signs of commercial improvement in France.

The Paris flour market was dull and wheat was lower.

The Paris Correspondent of the London Herald says the greatest activity prevailed all along the French coast.

The Channel coast was being fortified, and from Cherbourg to Dunkirk earth batteries were being constructed at distances of every three hundred yards.

The Paris Pays says the whole Imperial Guard, a division of infantry of the line, and a battalion of Chasseurs, selected from the different corps of the army of Italy, had received orders to march immediately for Paris, where they will receive a distinguished reception.

The Provisional Government of Tuscany had issued a proclamation describing the basis of peace as betraying the fairest hopes that the Tuscan Government participated in and which were the sentiments of the people; and declaring that Tuscany will not be replaced under the yoke and influence of Austria against her will and rights.

Le Nord says that a French corps of 40,000 will remain in Italy until the re-organization of the country according to the treaty of Villa Franca.

The Piedmontese correspondent of the Daily News says that fresh Piedmontese troops are going to Romagna with Napoleon's consent to maintain order and take from the Pope all hope of recovering it by the help of the Swiss guards.

The most important towns of the Roman States had sent a deputation to confer with Garibaldi, in regard to the condition of affairs.

Modena and Parma are said to be in a state of revolt.

The Emperor of Austria, according to an official dispatch which had reached Paris, commands the whole of his forces to remain in Paetron, and to be provided with food and military resources, just as they would have been had not peace been declared.

Orders had been given to some of the French ships of war to protect Frenchmen and their property in Tuscany, in case of need.

The Paris correspondent of the Post says it has never been intended to support, by the French army, the return of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

It was reported that Sardinia has recalled its representatives from Tuscany and Modena, and that the Provisional Governments of Tuscany and Modena are organizing a force to oppose the return of the Dukes.

Chevalier Pertzi had been sent from Florence to Paris on a special mission.

The Times' correspondent says that the news of the peace produced the greatest exasperation and dejection at Turin. The Emperor was accused of being a traitor to Italy, and his portraits had to be withdrawn from view in the shop windows to prevent them from being broken.

The reception of the Emperor and King of Sardinia was cold; and there were no "vivas" for the Emperor.

The opinion of Turin manifests dissatisfaction at Venice being allowed to remain in the hands of Austria.

The government of Lombardy had cautioned the editors of the press against using invectives against the recent events, and recommended them to assume sentiments of moderation, under pain of suppression.

PRUSSIA.—The Prince Regent had issued an order of the day to the army, expressing satisfaction with the treaty of peace and conclusion of the war.

Gen. Wrangle had been removed from the command of the army, which was to have been concentrated on the Rhine.

NAPLES.—Four thousand Swiss troops had left the Neapolitan service and gone home. The disbanding of many more was expected. The recent outbreak was in consequence of the taking away of the Swiss colors. All the Swiss that will not serve under the flag of Naples are to go home.

Large bodies of troops were concentrating in Naples.

JULY 19.—In Cotton there had been a decline since Friday of ¼d on all qualities, and the market closes very dull. Messrs Clare & Sala's Circular quotes Orleans Middling at 7 3-16d, and Uplands Middling at 6¼a7d. Holders are offering freely, but without showing a disposition to press sales.

STATE OF TRADE.—The advices from Manchester are not so favorable, the markets being generally dull; prices are steady, however.

Breadstuffs continue very dull; sales unimportant. Provisions dull.

ONE DAY LATER FROM EUROPE.

ST. JOHN, N. F., July 30.—The steamship Kangaroo off Cape Race, brings telegraphic advices from Liverpool and London, via Queenstown, to Thursday noon, the 21st inst.

The Peace Conference of Austrian, French and Sardinian Representatives, which is to decide finally on the basis of peace agreed upon by the two Emperors, will meet at Zurich, in Switzerland, in about ten days. M. Bourqueny will represent France, and Count Colmaredo, Austria.

On the Paris Bourse, on Wednesday, the Rentes closed at 68f.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—*Liverpool*, July 21.—The Cotton market is steady, and has a better tone than was reported in Tuesday's circulars. The estimated sales this morning were 7000 bales.

The Breadstuffs market is quiet; the sales have been unimportant. Provisions dull.

In the Produce market, Spirits of Turpentine is quoted at 35s. The markets for other articles are without change to note.

LONDON, July 21.—Consols are quoted this morning at 95¼a95.

TAKE heed,
How you awake the sleeping Sword of War;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed.
For never did two kingdoms yet contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a wo, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the swords,
That makes such waste in brief mortality.
—*Shakspeare.*

☞ All History easily resolves itself into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.—*Emerson.*

☞ THE WAY CRITICS FIND FAULT.—They bully a rose, because it isn't a lily; though a rose is a good thing, just as a cutlet is a good thing; yet people must run about and snub the waterfall, because it is not a precipice, and the blonde, because she is not a brunette."

☞ The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved kind with discretion. Love, desire, hope, all the pleasing emotions of the soul, rise in the pursuit.

☞ THE VALUE OF QUOTATIONS.—Great books are not in everybody's reach; and it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more.—*Coleridge.*

☞ The ugliest and most mischievous Miss we ever knew was Miss Government.

☞ When a house is on fire the blaze is more quickly seen from without than within—it is the same with the ruin of a State.—*Antonio Perez.*

☞ Mrs. Fantadling says, "If it were not intended that woman should drive their husbands, why are they put through the *bridle* ceremony?"

☞ The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.—*Swift.*

In many ways does the full heart reveal,
The presence of the love it would conceal.
But in far more the estranged heart lets know,
The absence of the love that still it fain would show.
—*Coleridge.*

☞ Though judgment must collect the materials of the goodly structure of friendship, it is affection that gives the cement; and passion as well as reason should concur in forming a firm and lasting coalition.—*Fitzosborne.*

☞ ANTHEMETIC AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.—*Gent. (who is not one of the most upright pillars of society).* Cabbie, whatch your number? I'm resolved to punish yer. I say, whatche your confounded number?

Cabman. There it is, sir. You may see it for yourself—it's plain enough—888—three 8's, sir.

Gent.—Three eights, you say? All right—three timesh eight is stwenty-four—all right.

[*Puts down 24 in his memorandum-book, and goes away muttering indistinct vows about "I'll-shummonyou!"*]—*Punch.*

THE MODERN SPHYNX.

From the London Times, July 15.

The Emperor of the French has confided to his army the reasons which induced him to grant Austria the just accomplished peace. It is a document which requires frequent repersusal, and which invites unceasing conjecture. The principal aim of the war was, it seems, to render Italy a nation, and this principal aim, it also seems, has been obtained. "It is true," says Napoleon III., (illustrating the proverb "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse,*") "that Venetia remains to Austria;" but he explains that this exception is immaterial, because Venetia will continue to be an Italian Province, forming part of an Italian Confederation. We confess we do not follow the Emperor in this explanation. That Venice will remain Italian we can clearly see; we should have more difficulty in understanding how it could become Bohemian or Hungarian; but how this fact renders its possession by Austria of less importance we cannot pretend to explain. It is one of those logical sequences which none but an Emperor at the head of many legions can announce with effect. To the eye of common understanding this possession of Venetia by Austria would seem to give Austria a right which she never before had to intermeddle in the politics of all Italy. Austria, a great military monarchy, is, by this possession, a member of a Confederacy which is made up of Austria and a few insignificant and unwarlike States. In this Confederacy who will influence and who will obey? Austria is right in boasting that it matters not to her what may be the fortune of arms; for, beating or victorious, she always gains the prize in the contest. That which was limited is now to become universal; that which was an encroachment is now to become a right. We have nothing to say when the French army is told that the union of Lombardy and Piedmont creates for France a powerful ally. It is undoubtedly true. But France has bought this alliance at a frightful cost, and the independence of Lombardy is not that independence for which the Lombards sighed.

It is notoriously very difficult to get at the meaning of Louis Napoleon. He is the great modern Sphynx, and his very existence depends upon his not being found out. But, of all the riddles he has proposed to Europe, none is more puzzling and intricate that this Treaty of Villa Franca, the sense of which we have attempted to read in the description he has himself given. It is usual when we doubt as to the authorship of an act, to ask—for whose benefit was it done? Here, however, we ask this question in vain. The treasure is spent and the blood is shed, the war is ended, and the peace is made; but no one, so far as we can see, is the better for the fight. Sardinia is not quite happy in her new possessions, and even Victor Emmanuel will find in Lombardy a poor substitute for the enthusiastic affection of all Italy. France has gained no accession to her territory, and no friendship from the oppressed populations of the earth. She has gained nothing but the knowledge that her Emperor is able to manœuvre an army. She has not, even at this moment, the conviction that his sparing Austria was an act of unmixed generosity. The Emperor now says that he stayed his hand under an apprehension that the struggle was likely to assume larger proportions than he desired. It is not a very chivalrous reason to give to an army which has just fought a campaign and lost thousands of its comrades for no result which any one of them would have desired. These soldiers want work and glory and promotion. To tell them he made peace for fear the war would spread, could only be to set them guessing who it was who had thus stayed them in their full march of conquest. It was not England. Was it Prussia? It is not very probable, unless this pause in fighting should be rather a diversion than a cessation. Was it Russia? Did Russia think Austria had been beaten enough? Was Russia acting all the time as the surgeon, with his finger upon the pulse of the patient, and did she give the signal to cease when that symptom of Hungarian fever developed itself? All or any of these reasons may have operated. Or the Emperor Napoleon might have known the state of his own army best. There is, indeed a last supposition, which we offer to the consideration of those who were not long ago so fiercely scolding us because we doubted that Napoleon was about to set up a free Constitutional Government in Italy: perhaps the French Emperor has imposed some secret obligation upon Austria never again to interfere in the affairs of Italy. If this should be so, then all is right. The Pope and the Grand Dukes are put up in pride of place merely to give Napoleon's great principle—"the sovereignty of the people"—a clear stage. If they can hold their own, good. If they cannot, then down topple Pope and Kaiser, and Italy, left to herself, works out her own regeneration. There is no limit to human credulity, and there may be credulous idolators of Chaos, who, even at this thirteenth hour, may believe in such impossibilities as these. The sane men of the age, however, know better. They recognize in this new settlement nothing but a universal and irresistible despotism. We yesterday announced that Cavour, disgusted by the disappointment of all his hopes, had thrown up his employment.—The telegram of to-day confirms our previous information, and announces that the King of Sardinia has accepted Count Cavour's resignation, and has replaced him by Count Arese.—This event determines the nature of the peace. Cavour was an earnest man. He believed in Italian independence as a future work of Napoleon III. It was by no means of the confidence he felt himself and inspired in others that Mazzini and his emissaries were directed throughout Italy. It was Cavour who gave the signal for the successive risings in the smaller Italian States. It was by means of his influence that the revolutions at Florence, Parma, and Modena were bloodless, and that Rome remained tranquil. Cavour believed in a Constitutional Italian Unity, and unfortunately he believed that the Emperor Napoleon entertained the same views as himself. Warnings were thrown away upon him. Patriots and young ladies have a faith in men's promises which no expeditions can shake, and which nothing but bitter personal experience can destroy. Poor Cavour! He once had a great career before him, for he was honest and zealous; but he was credulous and impatient, and he became the tool of crafty selfishness.

History tells us what passed at Tilsit, and some French memoir will doubtless at a future day relate what was the conversation at Villa Franca. It is not necessary, however, to wait for the authentic report; the results suggest what the conversation must have been. "Surely," we can imagine Francis Joseph to have said, "my Imperial brother cannot intend to revolutionize Hungary, and to establish a focus of insurrection in Italy!" "Not the least in the world. I care no more for these Italians than you do. This matter has gone quite far enough for my purpose. You see now that France is necessary to Austria. We will settle this affair, and I will leave you stronger in Italy than you ever were. I will also make everything straight between you and Russia.—You shall be one of us, and we three together will impose law on Europe." Is it to be wondered at that Francis Joseph, with a beaten army and a bankrupt Exchequer, was not proof against such temptations?

☞ ANSWER A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.—"I tell you, Susan, that I will commit suicide if you don't have me." "Well, Thomas, as soon as you have given me that proof of your affection, I will believe that you love me."

☞ A chaplain at a State prison was asked by a friend how his parishioners were. "All under conviction," was the reply.

NEWS ITEMS.

"PISEN."—A couple of females at Cayuga, Canada West, went into the forest to cut material for hoops, being resolved to keep up with the prevailing fashion. They selected the stem of the "poison ivy," and after wearing the hoops a few days, were so dangerously affected as to require medical treatment.

A MOST extraordinary affair occurred in Jasper county, Indiana, last week. An old man named William Haskins, aged *seventy*, married an old lady of almost the same age, named Anna Mead. *Twenty-seven years before they were man and wife*, with a family of five children. Becoming dissatisfied at the time, they separated, and, hearing nothing of each other for years, both married again. But both being left alone, after the deaths of their partners, and coming together thus late in life, they concluded to travel the little journey that was left, together. So extraordinary a case we do not remember ever to have heard before.

THE frozen well at Brandon, Vt., has attracted crowds of savans to that place this season. Scientific persons in that vicinity ascribe the phenomena to an iceberg, and that originally, or at some remote period in the long past, that part of America was the head of the sea. This hypothesis is sustained by the fact that several years ago, in building a railroad between Clermont and White River Junction, the terminus of the Sullivan Railroad, the bones of an arctic whale were found on one of the highest points of land. All the land near the well is frozen at a depth of a few feet below the surface. An interesting scientific report on the subject is understood to be forthcoming.

A YOUNG French soldier writes to his mother, from Castiglione: "Dear mother, I am yet living and lively; but I am not quite complete. The surgeon of the army has cut off one of my legs. I have been used to having the leg by me, and the parting was cruel. Do not weep, dear mother, but rejoice, rather, for I will rejoin you now, not to leave you again. I will always be, now, part of your little card party, thanks to the wooden leg."

PARTIAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.—On Friday, the 29th inst., there was a partial eclipse of the sun, visible as follows:—Beginning at 10 minutes past 5, P. M.; greatest obscuration, 42 minutes past 5; end of eclipse, 21 minutes past 6; duration, 1 hour and 11 minutes; digits eclipsed, 3 on the northern side of the sun's disc.

AN ANCIENT CITY ON THE PACIFIC.—The New Orleans Picayune says that the American surveyors of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, in their explorations on the Pacific Coast, discovered the ruins of an ancient city within a few miles of the sea. The surveying party brought back a large number of terracota idols, musical instruments, silver rings, *bas reliefs*, &c., all of which indicate an advanced condition of civilization among the aboriginal people of Mexico.

A FEMALE SICKLES.—The wife of a broker, in Columbus, Ohio, having cause to suspect the fidelity of her husband, repaired, a few days ago, to the house of a woman whom she believed to be the recipient of his attentions, and exclaiming, "You have dishonored my bed!" attacked her with a knife, inflicting several severe wounds. The woman finally rallied, however, and succeeded in ejecting her assailant.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF MERCANTILE LIFE.—Some weeks since the failure of a Boston merchant was announced, and a recent statement of the condition of his affairs shows his total debts to be in the neighborhood of three hundred and thirty thousand dollars, with assets to the extent of about forty thousand dollars. The merchant claims that he was worth, on the 1st day of January, 1857, clear of all incumbrances, the sum of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

PREMIUMS ON WHEAT.—The Board of Trade of Chicago, Illinois, have resolved that they will pay, at the Fair, of the United States Agricultural Society, in that city, next September, $2 per bushel for the best 100 bushels of spring wheat, $2,25 per bush for the best 100 bushels of red winter wheat, and $2,50 per bushel for the best 100 bushels of white winter wheat. Their object is to distribute the wheat so bought, for seed, during the ensuing fall and next spring.

THE Rev. Mr. VOX, Episcopal chaplain of the army at Fort Laramie, had preached in the famous Mormon Tabernacle, and Bishop Kimball and Brigham Young delivered addresses at the close of the discourse. "Everything was pleasant and harmonious."

MR. BUCHANAN DECLINES A NOMINATION.—The Gazette of Bedford—at which place the President is now staying—and the Harrisburg Patriot are both "authorized to emphatically declare that Mr. Buchanan is not a candidate for re-election, and would not consent, under any combination of circumstances, to become such."

AT the quarterly meeting of the M. E. Church at Winchester, Ill., the sacrament was administered—*antimonial wine* being used by mistake. The result was a general sickness of stomach. Mr. Peter Cartwright, presiding elder, said "it was the first time he ever knew an attempt to vomit the devil out of the church."

CHOICE OF MODES.—The following singular provision is to be found at page 206 of the Revised Statutes of Utah:—"Whenever any person shall be convicted of any crime, the punishment of whom, according to the provisions of this act, is sentence of death, said person shall suffer death by being shot, hung or beheaded, as the Court may direct; or the person so condemned shall have his option as to the manner of his execution."

GEORGE W. MATSELL, late chief of police of New York, is about to publish a dictionary of the rogues' dialect, the words employed by thieves, burglars, stock jobbers, and other depredators upon property. A large proportion of the words are from the Gipsy dialect, with a mixture of Hebrew and Sanscrit. So perfect is the rogues' language, that Mr. Matsell declares that two thieves of different countries, perfectly ignorant of each other's vernacular, are able to converse intelligibly by using this dialect alone.

SATISFIED IT CANNOT BE DONE.—A railroad engineer at Harrisburg, having been discharged, applied to be reinstated. "You were dismissed," said the Superintendent austerely, "for letting your train come twice into collision." "The very reason," said the other party, interrupting him, "why I ask to be restored." "How so?" "Why, sir, if I had any doubt before as to whether two trains can pass each other on the same track, I am now entirely satisfied; I have tried it twice, sir, and it a'n't be done, and I am not likely to try it again." He regained his situation.

INCOMES IN GREAT BRITAIN.—There are forty-six persons in England who have incomes of £450,000 a year, equal to two millions and a quarter dollars, while four hundred and forty four persons have incomes ranging from fifty to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and eight hundred and eleven from twenty five to fifty thousand. In Ireland, there is but one person who has an income of upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; twenty one have incomes from fifty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand, and thirty from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars.

TO DESTROY COCKROACHES.—The following is said to be effectual:—These vermin are easily destroyed, simply by cutting up green cucumbers at night and placing them about where roaches commit depredations. What is cut from the cucumbers in preparing them for the table answers the purpose as well, and three applications will destroy all the roaches in the house. Remove the peelings in the morning and renew them at night. If properly applied, and the remedy fails, the writer of this article will pay any one's anscscription for the paper one year. [The publishers of this paper did not write the above article.]

A SOUTHERN NABOB.—Col. J. A. S. Acklin, of Mississippi, is about erecting a private residence at his plantation opposite Red River Landing, which is designed to cost $150,000—$125,000 more for the furniture and furnishing. The following is the plan of this immense edifice: The style of the edifice is castellated gothic, with a frontage on the river of 164 feet, on the two side wings of 104 feet, and a centre compartment of 220 feet deep, surmounted by a lofty and beautifully proportioned tower. The building will contain 50 rooms, exclusive of closets, bath-rooms, wardrobes, &c., spacious and amply provided with the modern improvements in comfort and elegance. All the walls of the building are to be double, with the passages inside.

SUNDAY BANDS IN THE LONDON PARKS.—The London Star of July 12th, says:—"Large audiences continue to testify their approval of the bands chosen by the committee this season, brass instruments only being found powerful enough to fill so vast an area of persons. The numbers computed in the Regent's Park were upwards of 8,000, the programme containing selections from the best masters, interspersed with national melodies, the first part concluding with 'Rule Britannia,' and the second with the national anthem. The hopes of the committee to make the bands self-supporting have, it is said, this season been realized, and the continued success placed beyond doubt. During this season's performances, dignitaries of the church, metropolitan magistrates and other influential gentlemen have witnessed the good order which is so marked a characteristic of these Sunday evenings of the people, that not a single case for the interference of the police has occurred from the commencement, four years since."

CANARD.—The papers generally are copying a paragraph from the Cleveland Democrat, to the effect that sixteen fugitive slaves, who had escaped to Canada, had arrived at that city on their way back to slavery, preferring that to freedom. The whole story is a canard. The Cleveland Plaindealer, a Democratic paper, made inquiries of the captain who brought these sixteen negroes from Canada, and learned from him that they were all free-born. Five of them went to Oberlin; four remain in Cleveland; one came to Pittsburg, and the others went with a relative, a free negro, to reside with him on the borders of Kentucky.

EXPLOSION OF A GRAND SWINDLE IN NEW YORK.—New York, July 29.—An immense swindle has just exploded here. It was called the Grand Dutchy of Baden Fourteen Million Loan, connected with a lottery, of which the Messrs. Rothschilds were represented as the European Agents. Constantine Fellner & Co. were the agents for this city. This firm has been operating extensively in the South and West, but are now missing.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is so extremely ill that the worst results are apprehended. Her strength is diminishing sadly. She has been moved from Highgate to London, but is now confined to her room.

KANSAS.—St. Louis, July 29.—The Kansas Constitutional Convention adjourned *sine die* to-night. A State Constitution was adopted by a vote of thirty-four to thirteen. All the Democratic members voting against and refusing to sign it. The Constitution is radically anti-slavery, but it differs from the Leavenworth instrument inasmuch as it does not extend the right of suffrage to negroes.

A SIROCCO AT SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.—Friday last, the 17th of June, says the Gazette, will be long remembered by the inhabitants of Santa Barbara, from the burning, blasting heat experienced that day, and the effects thereof. Indeed, it is said that for the space of 30 years nothing in comparison has been felt in this county, and, we doubt, in any other. The sun rose like a ball of fire on that day; but, though quite warm, no inconvenience was caused thereby until 2 o'clock, P. M.; when suddenly a blast of heated air swept through our streets, followed quickly by others, and shortly afterwards the atmosphere became so intensely heated that no human being could withstand its force; all sought their dwellings, and had to shut doors and windows, and remain for hours confined to their houses. The effect of such intense and unparalleled heat was shown by the death of calves, rabbits, and birds. The trees were all blasted, and the fruit, such as pears and apples, literally roasted on the trees ere they fell to the ground, and the same as if they had been cast on live coals; but, strange to say, they were only burnt on one side—that is the direction from whence came the wind. All kinds of metal became so heated, that for hours nothing of the kind could be touched with the naked hands. The thermometer rose nearly to fever heat in the shade, but near an open door, and during the prevalence of this properly called sirocco, the streets were filled with impenetrable clouds of fine dust of pulverized clay.

THE SEED APPLICATIONS.—The Commissioner of Patents has issued a circular in reply to the numerous applications for ten-seed which are pouring in upon the office at the rate of about thirty per week. The circular says, "That owing to the delicate nature of the seed, after undergoing so long a voyage, it would not be advisable to place them for the present, for experiment, in the hands of those unacquainted with their culture. Besides, it has been proven that this product can be successfully cultivated in various parts of the South, so far as the soil and climate are concerned; but this has been done on so limited a scale that the profits could not be determined, nor the culture extended, from a difficulty of obtaining a larger supply of the plants. Hence it would seem to be advisable that the present importation should be grown in considerable quantities in those sections where it is known that it would mature, in order that more seeds can be procured, and the culture indefinitely increased. Still, it would be proper that experiments should be made on a limited scale in all parts of the Union where there would be a probability of success. No disposal will be made of the plants now growing at the propagating gardens before the convening of the next Congress, after which a feasible plan will be proposed for their distribution."

"THE LEATHER MAN."—This man, who thrust knives and awls so recklessly in his flesh in Kentucky, has been subjected to an examination in Cincinnati, in the presence of medical and newspaper men. His secret was at once discovered. The Gazette says:

"Our readers have seen ladies with jewels in their ears, and most are familiar with the process of piercing the ear to admit the introduction of the 'rings' or 'drops.' The hole is made in the ear with an awl or bodkin, and in the hole so made a bit of silk or thread is worn. This prevents the wound from wholly closing. The surface of the puncture becomes cicatrized, as the physicians say, and the hole is a permanency. Through this, of course, an earring may be put in and no pain caused. Now the wounds into which Mr. Stevens thrust his bits of iron are cicatrized in like manner. How these wounds were caused we cannot say. They may have been accidental or the result of disease, or made by design. But whatever was their origin, their surfaces have now become cicatrized, for him to thrust a blunt instrument into them, causes no more pain than for a lady to put her drops into her ears."

NEW YORK MARKETS.

July 30.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour has advanced 5c. Sales of St to at $4,60@4.90; Ohio $5,15@5,80; Southern $5,30@5 75. Wheat has advanced and is scarce; 8000 bus sold at an advance 2@3c; red 130c; white 135@150c. Corn has a declining tendency; new mixed 80c; white and yellow 82c. Oats heavy at 30@40c. Pork dull—Mess $15,25; Prime $10,75@11. Lard steady at 10¼@10¾c. Whiskey dull at 26c.

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour, although somewhat in excess of last week, continue comparatively small. The market, however, has been dull, there being little or no shipping demand, except for fresh ground made from new Wheat, and prices have again declined. The sales of the week comprise 7000 bbls at $5 ₱ bbl for round old stock; $5.25 for old stock Western extra; $5,25@5,50 for fresh ground superfine, made of old and new Wheat; $5,50@5.75 for Brandywine; $5,75@6 for extra, and $6,62½ for extra family; 500 bbls Diamond Mills extra, and 1000 bbls Richmond on private terms. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been within the range of these figures. Rye Flour has declined 62½c ₱ bbl; small sales at $3,75@3,87½. Corn Meal is also very dull; 300 bbls Penna sold at $3,75 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Supplies of new Wheat are coming forward more freely, but the demand is quite moderate, and we again reduce our quotations. The sales comprise 28,000 bus at $1,18@1,25 ₱ bus for good and prime red, and $1,26@1,35 for white, including some choice lots of Kentucky at our highest quotation; inferior at $1,15; and some mixed at $1,26@1,27. Rye has again declined. 2000 bus sold at 82½@86c, closing at the latter rate. Corn has also receded 3@4c ₱ bus. Sales of 15,000 bus yellow at 79@81c, closing at 80c, afloat, including some inferior, and damaged at 74@78c, and fair quality at 78c. The supply of Oats is in excess of the demand, and prices have again fallen off. Sales of 8000 bus at 39½@38c for prime Penna; 38@35c for Del, closing at the lowest quotations; 2000 bus new Del sold at 36@32½c.

PROVISIONS—There has been but little activity in the market. The receipts of Pork are small. Sales of 1,000 bbls Mess at $16,75@17, on time, some Clear at $19, and Prime at $14@16, as in quality. No change in City Packed Mess Beef. A sale of Beef Hams at $18,50, on time. Bacon—The stock is small for the season, and there is very little coming in. The demand is limited, but prices firm. Sales in lots at 10½@12c for plain and fancy canvassed Hams, chiefly of the latter kinds; 9½c for Sides, and 7½@7¾c for Western and City Smoked Shoulders. Of Green Salted Meats the stock is now very much reduced. Sales of 300 casks Hams in salt at 8½c; do in pickle at 10c; Sides at 8¾c; and Shoulders at 7½c, 60 days. Lard—The stock is light, and there is but little coming in. The demand, however, is limited, and prices have declined ½c. Sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 11½@11¾c, and 500 kegs at 12½@13c ₱ lb, 60 days. Butter continues extremely dull, the market being overstocked; sales of Solid Packed at 8@12c, as in quality, and Roll at 10@15c. Cheese is in good demand; sales of 200 boxes New York at 9½c.

COTTON—the accounts from Europe have imparted a more confident tone to the market, and holders have put up their views ½@¾c ₱ lb. The transactions are confined to 960 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 11½@13¾c ₱ lb cash, for low grade and middling fair quality, including some Mobile and New Orleans at 12@14½c.

BARK—In Quercitron Bark the receipts continue very light, and the stock is small. There is a good demand, and prices have advanced $1,50 ₱ ton. Sales of 150 hhds No. 1 at $27,50@29 ₱ ton—closing at the latter figure. Supplies of Tanners' Bark have fallen off. Chestnut is worth $10@10 50, and Spanish Oak $13 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and Yellow commands 37@38c ₱ lb cash.

COAL—Orders come in slowly, and the market is dull for the season. Prices, however, show no alteration, the want of vessels to some extent limiting operations.

COFFEE—The market is quiet, but prices are firm. Sales of 1450 bags Rio at 10½@11½c for ordinary and good quality; damaged do at 9½@10c; some Java at 15c; and 300 bags Laguayra at 11½c ₱ lb on time.

COPPER—English Sheathing dull. Free Sales of Yellow Metal are making at 19c 6mos.

FEATHERS continue dull, and Western are nominally held at 47@48c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit of all kinds is plenty and dull. Green Apples are arriving quite freely and sell at $1@2,25 ₱ bbl, and at 25@37½c ₱ basket. Dried Apples and Peaches are not wanted, and prices are entirely nominal.

HEMP is very quiet. We quote undressed American at $150 ₱ ton.

HIDES are unchanged. An import of 1,932 Laguayra, which arrived at the close of last week, remains unsold.

IRON—The market presents no new feature. Sales of 400@500 tons Anthracite, in lots, at $23@23,50, $22, and $20,50 ₱ ton, 6 mos, for the three numbers, 200 tons Forge Iron sold at $21 ₱ ton, 6 mos. Charcoal Blooms are held at $62@65, 6 mos.

LEATHER—The transactions in Leather for the week have been light, for want of saleable stock. The receipts of Sole for the week have been small, and unequal to the demand. The market is bare of Slaughter. We quote City Slaughter Oak at 28c; Country at 26c, and Hemlock from 28@33c.

LEAD—The stock in first hands is exceedingly light, and no further sales have been reported.

LUMBER—The demand continues to fall off, as the close of the season is near at hand. Sales of Yellow Pine Boards at $15@18 ₱ M feet. Laths sell at $1,50@1.60 ₱ M, as in quality. Spruce Boards command $13. Spruce Joist are scarce. Shingles and Staves are dull.

MOLASSES is quiet, and the only transactions reported are a cargo of 362 hhds Cardenas on private terms, and some small lots of Cuba Muscovado at 26@28c.

SEEDS—There is a good inquiry for Cloverseed, and it is taken on arrival at $5,50@5,75 ₱ 64 lbs. 1000 bags were take for shipment to Liverpool on private terms. 100 bus Timothy sold at $2,50@2,75 ₱ bus. Flaxseed is scarce and wanted. Red Top is worth $2,50 ₱ sack.

SUGAR—The market continues quite firm, with a moderate inquiry. The transactions, during the past three days, reach 900 hhds at 5½@6¼c for Cuba—part for refining; 6¼c for Porto Rico, and 6¼@7¼c ₱ lb, on time, for New Orleans.

SPIRITS—Brandy is in fair request, and commands rather better rates, but Gin is dull. Whiskey is less active, and prices are a shade lower; sales of Ohio bbls at 27½c. Prison and Pennsylvania do at 26½c; hhds at 26c; and drudge at 25c.

TALLOW is steady at our last quotations, with limited sales.

TOBACCO—There has been more demand for Leaf, and 100 hhds chiefly Mayaville, sold on terms kept secret. Prices of Manufactured are unchanged.

WOOL—There is a better feeling, and more firmness in prices. Sale of 80,00 lbs, ranging from 38 to 51c ₱ lb, cash and on time, for common to full blood.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—13 head W Reed, Mifflin co, inferior, 3@4; 73 Carr & Baker, Ohio, 9@9½; 72 Blubaker & Baer, Va, 7½@9; 64 W Maldin, Belmont, 8½; 177 Mooney & Smith, 8@8½; 46 Hackman & Hamaker, Allegheny co, 7@9½; 42 N Weents, 5@8½; 25 U Sharberg, 8@9; 30 Baldwin, 8½@9½; 14 J McCleas, Chester co, 8½@10; 16 D Eckman, Western Pa, 9; 57 I Abrahams, 8½@9. Sheep—About 500 head arrived and sold during the week at 8@9c net.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—5 head Lukens & Brien, Del co, inferior, 3½; 19 W Alexander, Chester co, 8½@10; 40 M Clark, by Hathaway, Wash co, Pa, 8½@10; 9 J Hughs, Ohio, $4,37½ gross; 57 Judge Bartebel, Balt, 8½@9½; 22 Cochran & McCall, 10@10½; 28 Scott & Kemble, Chester co and Md, 10@11; 65 Whiteside & Gaughy, by Hathway & McFillin, Ohio, 8@9½.

AFFLICTION.

Why will you suffer the terrors and afflictions incident to a disordered state of the liver or digestive organs, when a certain remedy is within your reach? HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will cure you. If you will only discard your prejudice, and give this article a trial, you will never regret it. Your stomach will be strengthened and regain its original vigor, and you will be able to digest your food satisfactorily. These Bitters are for sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th Sept. 1858, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH A. CUZA, to Miss MARTHA W. GROOM, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, JOHN GUNSTNER, to LOUISA KRAEGER, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. JOHN DILLON, to Miss AMANDA STRAWSER, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. S. A. Durborow, Mr. FREDERICK J. WADE, to Miss MARGARET ORR, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. SAMUEL WILSON, to Miss MARY CARSON, both of this city.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnston, Mr. JOHN YOUNG, to Miss ELLEN CLARK, late of Scotland.

On the 2d of May, by the Rev. Dr. Karmer, Mr. WILLIAM LOONEY, of Janesville, Wis. to Miss MARY DOWNING, of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Mullen, Mr. ALFRED TORNILL, to Miss PHILIPPA J. MARTIN, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. WILLIAM W. BAXTER, to Miss MARY A. AYERS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, AMANDA, wife of V. Borsef, aged 35 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET YOUNG, aged 83 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. ANNA THORN, aged 61 years.

In Chester county, on the 26th ultimo, MARY ANN, daughter of Sarah A. Wetherill, aged 19.

At Germantown, on the 23d ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH OTTINGER, aged 88 years.

On the 25th ultimo, JOSIAH CHAPMAN, aged 21.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. MARY A. PELTS, aged 48 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Miss MARY J. KENNIFF, aged 19 years.

On the 22d ultimo, BENJAMIN JOHNSON, aged 54 years.

On the 25th ultimo, SARAH BISPHAM, aged 71.

On the 23d ultimo, Mr. JAMES MARSHALL, aged 32 years.

On the 24th ultimo, MARGARET PARK, aged 21 years.

On the 22d ultimo, RACHEL KENDELL, aged 36.

On the 24th ultimo, MARY, wife of D. M. Brown, aged 33 years.

THE STOCK MARKET

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1858		
" " '62	105	
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" " coupon '74	101	—
Penna 6 pr ct, old	99½	99¾
" " new	—	103½
" "	—	102
Pittsb'g 6 pr ct	75	—
" " coupon	—	45
Allegh'y City 6 pr ct	65	75
" County "	—	—
" R Issue	—	46
Penn 5 pr ct	102	—
" " coupon '74	90	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	101½
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1856	100½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99¼
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Ohio State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	130	—
Philadelphia	113	114
Far & Mec	56½	58
Commercial	42½	43½
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	26½	28½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	33	—
Kensington	54	56
Girard	46	47
Western	—	66
Man & Mech	25½	26
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	63½	—
City	44	45½
Consolidation	25	25½
Commonwealth	20	21
Corn Exchange	20½	—
Germantown	—	50
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	—
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky Ky.	115	—
Northern "	—	—
Louisville "	110	—
Farmers "	130	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	102	—
Planters "	112	—
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank		
Vicksburg	7	9½
Washington Gas		
Light Co	29½	—
Lehigh Zinc	7	7½
New Creek	1	—
New Grenada	—	1
N America Ins'rance	144	—
N Liberties Gas	—	33
Southwark & Frankford RR	62	63
Bonds	—	93

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	88	—
2nd "	86	87
" stock		
Interest off	30	30½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	95
" stock	116½	119
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	79	80
mort 6's '44	90	91
" " '56	89	91
stock	22½	22½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	86	87
stock	38	39½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan '60	92½	—
Cam & Atl R R '71	49	—
Tioga R R 75	—	85
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	57	60
2d "	35	36
stock	—	4
Catawissa	2	4
Beaver Meadow stock	55½	—
preferred 10 pr ct	56	—
North Penna R R stock	8	—
6 pr ct loan	63½	64
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	48	49½
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	49	—
Har and Lan R R stock	55½	57
bonds '82	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	15	16
Long Island R R stock	109	109
bonds	81	83
Erie R R stock	31	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Centra "	72½	—
Michigan Centra "	47½	48
Illinois "	64	—
Michigan Southern "	70	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'ylkan Nav 6 pr ct		
loan '97	69	69
imp. 6 pr ct	72	75
stock	8	—
preferred	17½	18
Lehigh Nav stock	47	48
mort 6 pr ct	—	98
scrip "	25½	26½
Morris Canal's	51	52½
preferred	—	105
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	77½	—
Union "	3	5½
bonds	29	31
Sus & Tidewater	3½	4
bonds 1871	30	35

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 30, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Solvent banks ¼ dis	
Relief notes ¼ dis		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solv bks ¼ dis	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solv bks 1 to 3 dis	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All bks uncertain	
Baltimore ¼ dis		LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks ¼ to ¾ dis		Solv bks ¼ dis	
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Solv bks ¼ dis	
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks ¼ dis	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		State bank ¼ dis	
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks 3 3½	
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks ¼ dis	
MASSACHUSETTS		TENNESSEE.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Old banks 2½ dis	
RHODE ISLAND		MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks 3 dis	
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks ¼ to ¾ dis		Solv bks 2 dis	
DIST OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis	
NORTH CAROLINA.		CANADA.	
Solv bks ¼ to 1 dis		Solv bks 1 dis	

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Silver open face Levers, full jeweled	14
Silver Lepines, open face	9
Gold vest or neck Chains	10

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Wit and Humor

A Temperance Anecdote.—"A few years ago, when the Order of the Sons of Temperance overran the land, my friend Jim O'Wight found himself a citizen of Kentucky, whither he had wandered from Virginia. Jim was a 'character,' had great versatility of talent, and was withal an excellent, jolly fellow, and prime bottle companion. Jim contracted the Temperance mania naturally and with great enthusiasm; so much so, that he soon became a conspicuous and shining light in the 'Order.' From a popular lecturer Jim soon rose to the dignity of G. W. P. of the State Division. In due time after this hoist in life Jim was called to preside over the Division of the City of L——, and was 'on hand,' in all the glory of tinseled regalia, with a chosen lot of *congenials* about him. At his hotel Jim kept 'open house' to *the initiated*, albeit his hospitality was not conducted upon strictly Temperance principles; and I am afraid much of poor Jim's eloquence and fervor were drawn from divers 'big-bellied bottles,' whose rubicund visages were kept modestly concealed by the drapery of his bed.

"The hour for the meeting of the Division arrived. Jim presents himself at the door of the Division room, and gives the usual 'signal.' Back flies the sliding panel, and the space is filled with the head of the 'inside sentinel,' a squat, carroty-headed Irishman. Jim gives the pass-word, and stalks in. Business begins, proceeds, and ends, Jim presiding with great dignity. Pat, meantime, has scarcely removed his gaze from Jim's face, but devours him with a gaze in which awe and mirth are strangely mingled. Presently Pat approaches the great man, and timidly plucks him aside.

"'Sir,' said he, 'an' yez are Misther O'-Wight, the Ghrand Worthy Pathriarch of the Sthate of Khaintecky, I do be afther belavin.'

"'Yes,' said Jim, 'you are perfectly right, my friend; but why do you ask the question?'

"'To tell yez the thruth, thin, Sir-r, an' shame the divil,' said Pat, 'yez do be havin' the right *pass-wor-rd, Sir*, for-r a Son of Timperance, intirely; but by the Howly Vargin, an' the blessed Saint Patherick, yez got the *wrong schmell!*'

Dangers of Legal Modesty.—Legal authorities were not used, and very lightly esteemed in "the West," a few years ago. Dan Wilson, who resides not many miles on the sunset side of the Father of Waters, was a sharp lawyer, more noted for wit than wisdom, for tongue than talent. He was trying a case before a justice of the peace, and the opposing council had cited "Greenleaf on Evidence" so decidedly against him that a bold push must be made, or all was lost for him and his client. Squire Wells sat down after making the quotation, satisfied that the justice would do justice in the premises. Dan asked him for the book, opened it, rose, and, with a look of solemn surprise, said he was amazed that so good a lawyer as Mr. Wells should bring such a book as that into court. "Why," said he, "the author himself never thought of its being used for *authority* in any case. Just hear what he says in the preface: 'Doubtless a happier selection of these principles might be made, and the work might have been much better executed, by another hand. For, now it is finished, I find it but an approximation toward what was originally desired. But in the hope that it may still be found not useless as the germ of a better treatise, it is submitted to the candor of a liberal profession.' Now an author who admits that his work is as bad as this, certainly never expected to be brought into court to govern the opinions of a gentleman who has sat on the bench, as your honor has, for eighteen months."

The justice was perfectly satisfied. He ruled the "authority" out as of no account whatever, and gave his judgment for Dan and his client.

Squire Wells says it is the first time a lawyer ever spoiled his book or his cause by his modesty.

Had a Call.—Our city was for some years enlightened by the presence of a young minister who meant exceedingly well, and did *pretty* well. A congregation in a Western city learning of his fame, and having no shepherd, invited this our Mr. X—— to assume the vacant crook, deputing to carry their offer a much-respected deacon, commonly called, in abbreviation of his first name, Epaphras, "Uncle Emfus." Uncle Emfus came, told his errand, and caused a church-meeting to be held that he might lay the case of his own distant church before it. The pathetic appeal with which he opened his business was this:

"My brethren, I have come from a long distance to lay before you the condition of our church in the wilderness. We read in Holy Writ that, upon a certain occasion, our Lord directed two of His disciples to go into a certain village, saying unto them, 'Straightway ye shall find an ass tied; loose him, and bring him unto Me.' My brethren, among you we have found the ass tied. Permit me to loose him, and lead him away. And if you ask, as of old, why I do it? in like manner I answer: The Lord hath need of him."

They let Uncle Emfus untie the ass, and lead him away.

Taking it Coolly.—A few days since a friend of mine walking down town saw a little boy pinching his younger brother, who was crying bitterly.

"Why, my boy," said she to the young tormentor, "don't you know you are doing very wrong? What would you do if you should kill your little brother?"

"Why," he replied, "of course I *should put on my new black pants and go to the funeral!*"

☞ A friend reports the following as an actual occurrence: "An accident took place lately on one of the railroads by the axle of the tender giving way and obstructing the road for some hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger the cause of the delay; he gravely replied, 'Madame, it was occasioned by what is often attended by dangerous consequences—the sudden breaking off of a tender attachment.' The lady looked serious and was silent."

Don't Quibble About a Word.—"What is your name, sir?" asked Colonel ——— of his orderly one day, after having made up his mind to take a drive.

"John Edward Belsey, sir." Belsey was always precise, trickily so, and when asked by the colonel for his name, he could no more have omitted the prenomen than gone to parade without his arms.

"Go, then, John Edward Belsey," rejoined the colonel, quite as precise as his orderly, "and tell my groom to put the horse in the gig immediately."

Saluting the colonel in true military form, Belsey ran to the stable, thinking, as he was going, how impossible it was to execute the order, unless the colonel, in the greatness of his soul, intended to favor the horse with a ride and man the shafts himself. However, as he considered this could not really be the colonel's intention, he took on himself the discretion of making the necessary correction; and, accordingly, directed the groom to put the horse *to* the gig.

"Very well," said the groom; and Belsey returned to the colonel, who, as was his custom, questioned him to see that his order had been properly conveyed.

"Have you seen the groom, private John Edward Belsey?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did you tell him to do?"

"Put the horse *to* the gig, sir," replied the orderly, throwing a little force on the preposition.

"You stupid fellow," roared the colonel, plucking his whisker; "did I not tell you to put the horse *in* the gig?"

"Yes, sir; but as that did not seem to me to be your wish, I thought you would not disapprove of my giving the spirit instead of the letter of your order."

"Why did you think so, sir?"

Belsey hesitated.

"Why did you not tell the groom to put the horse *in* the gig?"

"Because there wouldn't be room left for you, sir."

It was a wonder the colonel did not jump down his throat.—*Romances of the Ranks.*

CRUEL JOKE AT A FETE.

Horrid Boy (to his Cousin).—I say, Rose! Wasn't that Major De Vere who just left you?"

Rose.—"Yes!"

Horrid Boy.—"Ah, then, I think he might as well have told you what a tremendous black smudge you've got on your nose!"

N. B.—Of course there is no smudge; but there's no looking-glass within miles for poor Rose to satisfy herself.

Agricultural.

HORN-AIL OR HOLLOW HORN.

You will excuse me for the liberty I take in calling your attention to one of "A Bundle of Recipes," for the sake of entering my protest against the ignorance and barbarity exhibited in the "Cure for Horn-Ail, or Hollow Horn." The writer says:—"If the hair of the end of the tail is in rolls or curls, cut off one inch of the tail." As well might he 'cut off one inch of the ears' of a spaniel, because the hair curls upon them. "Then turn the animal's head on one side, and pour boiling water upon the lower horn till he dodges, and then take the other horn. By this time the animal will sweat." And I should think the operator would also, from *shame* at having mutilated and tormented an animal already suffering from fever, or in perfect health, but doomed to distress, because it has one lock of curly hair; unless, indeed, he had the authority of the *usually* correct "Country Gentleman," for such a barbarous course of treatment; and as the case stands at present, he could certainly put in that plea in justification. I know that in the hurry of making up a paper, many things will be published that should have been thrown into the waste basket, but I was surprised to see the "Gentleman" lending its voice and influence to extend and perpetuate such thorough-bred quackery and cruelty, as that exhibited in the above article. I would as soon knock off the horn, or slit the ears of a favorite animal, as to "cut off one inch of the tail," and should have as good physiological reasons for so doing. The disfigurement in either case would be about equal, but the inconvenience which the animal would suffer from the loss of the long silky brush so kindly furnished by nature, especially in "fly time," would be immeasurably greater.

"Horn-Ail" or "Hollow Horn," is an absurd misnomer for an imaginary disease in many cases, and for a symptom of fever in others. Many a farmer has reluctantly "cut off one inch" or more from the tail of a beautiful animal, when it was turned out to pasture, under the erroneous impression that it would do better, "for the hair hung in curls," although the animal was in perfect health and good condition, and needed no remedy of any kind. In fever, the degree of arterial excitement is estimated in part by the heat at the base of the horn, which is very thin, and covers the most vascular bone in the animal, thereby displaying symptoms of great value to those capable of appreciating them.

But even in fever there can never be the slightest occasion for "cutting off one inch of the tail," nor for *pouring boiling water* upon the horns of a suffering animal until he "*dodges.*" A cathartic of Epsom or Glauber salts, sulphur or linseed oil, combined with ginger, red pepper, or any stimulant aromatic, will do all the good and much more, than the slight bleeding from the cut can do, and not leave the animal to thump its sides the remainder of its life with a mutilated stump, a living monument that all the darkness of the dark ages has not yet passed away.

The hope that I may be the means, in a single case, of preserving intact one of the beauties of the Bovine race, to the unfortunate animal suffering from "Horn-Ail," or "Tail Sickness," is the only apology that I can offer for this communication.—*Cor. of Country Gentleman.*

To Remove Films.—Having seen a number of remedies for taking a film from horses' or cattles' eyes, I'll give the method that I have practiced for years, without failing in a single instance. Take a piece of fresh butter, the size of a common walnut, and put it in the opposite ear—that is, if left eye, put in right ear; if the butter is hard, hold the ear with your hand for a short time, until it melts and runs into their head; in most cases one application is all that is necessary. If you have not got the butter, hog's lard will answer.—*Country Gentleman.*

SHEEP-KILLING DOGS.

In many parts of the country, one of the most serious and vexatious obstacles to raising sheep successfully is the prevalence of dogs with sheep-killing propensities. Having had some experience in dealing with these rascally animals, I send a few suggestions for the benefit of those who may be suffering from the same cause. First, let me say, every one owning a dog, should take care that there is no guilt at his own door.

Dogs are sometimes known to leave their master's flock unmolested, and are seen returning from apparently distant excursions, with an air that would seem to say "Ask me no questions." A suspected dog may sometimes be detected by examining his mouth on such an occasion. If he has not picked his teeth clean, small bits of wool may be found between them, and he may safely be pronounced guilty. If such a dog be tied to a stake in an enclosure, and a vicious, well-shorn ram turned in, he will soon give the dog a *striking* lesson on sheep-killing, which he will not easily forget. One lesson of this kind will cause a dog to ever after give a wide berth to any flock of sheep.

If a strange dog can be caught in the act, it is perfectly safe to bring a well-aimed rifle to bear upon him without waiting to inquire to whom he belongs; this may be ascertained afterwards, and his owner held responsible.

When dogs have made a foray upon a flock, they usually return to the scene of operations within a few nights. A pretty sure trap for them can be made by building a pen of rails, five or six feet high, around a recently killed carcass, bringing each layer of rails nearer the centre as it is put up, so that the sides of the pen will slope inward. The dog can enter from the top quite easily, but cannot well get out, having no room to run for a clear leap over. A little strychnine scattered over the fresh carcass, will prevent the dog that may eat it from any further mischief; he will seldom get far away before lying down to *rest*.

The curs which trouble flocks, are usually great cowards, especially when out on such an errand, and are easily frightened away by any unusual noise. If a small bell be hung on every fifth sheep there will be little danger of an attack. I know several farmers living in districts which have suffered severely from the ravages of dogs, who have adopted this simple expedient, and have never lost a sheep. Some put a sleigh-bell upon every sheep.—*American Agriculturalist.*

Wash to Destroy Insects.—In the Journal of the Horticultural Society of Paris, it is stated that an excellent wash for destroying insects is made by boiling 1½ pints of water, 62 grains of red American potash, and the same number of sulphur, and the same of soap. If it is necessary to make it stronger, double the quantity of sulphur and of potash, leaving the soap the same. Immersion for a second kills ants, large caterpillars, and cockchaffer grubs. The solution does no harm to plants. This is important, if true, and it can be easily tested. The large white grub of the *Cockchaffer*, or as it is commonly called here, the *May Bug*, has been doing a good deal of mischief the last two or three years, particularly to strawberry beds, by destroying the roots. Specimens have been sent us from various sources this summer, and we have heard much complaint and seen many beds almost ruined. The potatoes, too, they have attacked most voraciously. Last summer we assisted in killing about twenty in one hill of potatoes, the tubers being almost entirely eaten up by them.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Head the Running Vines.—Some of the squashes, melons, and cucumbers, are now pushing ahead as though bent on outdoing each other in the space they cover: but they show little fruit. Nip the ends and you force them into bearing. This may need a repetition in the course of a week or two. We have secured larger melons, squashes, etc., and more of them by this heading back. Beds of cucumbers, melons, and squashes may be kept in regular form (and the appearance of the whole garden be improved) by frequently pinching or cutting off the straggling vines.—*American Agriculturalist.*

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Worms in Horses.—Remedial diet is far better than medicine. Let your correspondents put into the food of their horses some rye, more and more till the horses void dead worms. This should be continued for some time, so that the spawn has no time to vivify. Or let them give their horses the young shoots of the silver fir, as many as they like to eat. I have found most horses like them. If the silver are not to be had, let them try any other fir. The oftener the better.—Schirmer.—[All the firs contain more or less turpentine, in which resides the property so obnoxious to the worms.—Ed. *London Field.*]

Turnip Fly.—As the turnip season is in, perhaps some of your readers would try the simple experiment of putting 1 lb. of sulphur in a gallon of water, and steeping a gallon of seed for twenty-four hours, dry it, and then drill. I attribute some good crops entirely to this, and should like to know the result in different localities.—*London Field.*

Salt as a Manure for the Peach Tree.—A correspondent of the Cottage Gardener says, to prevent a tree from dropping its fruit he had recourse to salt. He sprinkled the soil with a good coat of salt-sweepings, which he bought at 6d. per hundred weight. He then washed it in with clean water, and, in a few days after, gave the tree some strong soap-suds. He repeated the dose of salt three times, and suds he put on every week once. The result was, that he had some splendid fruit, and well-flavored.

Salt vs. Guano for Wheat.—At a meeting of the London Farmer's Club, as reported in the Mark Lane Express, Mr. Parkinson stated that he had derived great benefit from the use of salt for the last twenty years:

"On one occasion a neighbor of his applied guano to his wheat crop, on the same kind of soil on which he himself applied salt. The contrast in the results in his own favor was quite marvellous; his neighbor's wheat was laid down while his was standing at harvest-time, and he got nearly a quarter of an acre more wheat of a very superior sample. He had also applied salt very beneficially in a variety of other cases. In wheat after oats there was a difficulty in keeping the wheat free from oats; at least that was his own experience. Ray-grass he had found on the strong red lands of Nottinghamshire anything but a failure; he had grown large crops of wheat after it."

Salt for Turnips.—A farmer, in the Mark Lane Express, gives his experience in putting salt on ground sown to turnips. The field was in excellent condition, and the soil a light, gravelly loam. He says:

"I applied salt, at the rate of 4 cwt., and Peruvian guano at about an equal rate per acre, sown broadcast, and ridged in. The plants came up, and grew remarkably well until they put forth their rough leaf, when, to my great mortification and astonishment, they (without any known cause) began to dwindle away and die; and three-fourths of the remainder seem to be at this moment in the last stage of weakness."

Sow Turnips Yet.—The old rule, "on the 25th of July sow your turnips wet or dry," is not far out of the way for the common field varieties, yet it should not be forgotten that a very good crop is frequently raised from seed sown so late even as the end of August. The amount of yield will depend upon the length of open weather in Autumn. Turnips will grow until actually frozen into the ground. For late sowing, such quick growing varieties as the Red top Strap leaf and the White Flat are preferable. The Long White French, the Ashcroft Swedish, and the River's Swedish Stubble grow rapidly, and though they are larger when sown early in July, yet they acquire a good size, sometimes quite large enough for table use, when sown in the first half of August, or even later. No directions for their cultivation are needed. Scatter the seed, not too thickly, either broadcast, or better in drills, wherever open space can be found for it to grow. A slight covering only is needed. With this, as with other crops, the better the soil the better the yield. Fresh or highly stimulating manures produce too much top at the expense of the root.—*American Agriculturist.*

How to Grow Large Potatoes.—The North British Agriculturist says:

"To improve the size of potatoes, whether planted with small or large, whole, or even cut potatoes, when the plants are only a few inches high, let the shoots be reduced by pulling them up to one or two, or at most three of the strongest. The tubers will, consequently, be fewer and very much larger, also in measure nearly all fit for the market and the table. Every grower will do well to try a few rows by way of experiment, if he disbelieves the truth of this statement."

Ticks and Lice on Sheep and Cattle.—Open the wool on the back of the sheep, from the head to the hips, and strew in a teaspoon of yellow snuff, mostly on the neck and shoulders. This treatment has proved effectual with me, in removing ticks from sheep, and it is easier and safer than washing with a solution of tobacco. For lice on cattle, mix yellow snuff with lamp oil, and rub on where they will not lick it. I have known several calves killed by washing them in strong tobacco water. —*Country Gentleman.*

Grasses for Pasture.—Timothy alone, or Timothy red-top and blue-grass, will make a permanent meadow, which will produce heavy crops of good hay for many years, if well treated. So orchard-grass alone, or orchard-grass and red clover, will make a good, permanent meadow, with reference to the product of which no reasonable man will have cause to complain, unless he feeds it off too close the first year, and suffers it to be abused subsequently. But for good permanent pasture, many grasses are wanted. Yet in one section of our State, we find land laid down to blue-grass; in another section to Timothy; in a third, to orchard-grass and red clover combined. Rarely do we find more than two or three grasses growing in the same pasture; yet not less than one hundred species have been described by botanists as growing spontaneously in the great Mississippi valley.

In England, as many as twenty-two species of grass have been found growing upon a square rood of ancestral pasture, that had been grazed unremittingly through many generations. And English pastures wear well, producing food for a long period, from very early in the spring to very late in the fall. Why? Simply because, instead of being confined to one or two grasses that start about the same time in the season, and mature about the same time, as in the American custom, they seed down the lands intended to remain for a series of years in pasture, with all the varieties that will grow upon them, and thus secure a regular succession of succulent and nutritious food the season through.—*Louisville (Ky.,) Courier.*

Useful Receipts.

Stuse or Insects.—There are many cures for stings, but very frequently they are not on hand when wanted. Every housewife has in her garden a superior remedy, which should be known by all. Take a portion of onion, either top or root; bruise, and apply for a few minutes to the wound. If applied immediately, it prevents future soreness and inflammation, as well as gives immediate relief.

To Preserve Ice and always have Cold Water.—Take a piece of thick green baize, doubled, or of blanket, make it up in the shape of a pudding bag (A) of sufficient size to cover the water pitcher; let it be lined with *glazed* muslin or linen to prevent any fur getting into the water, and covered outside with anything to suit the fancy; put a sufficient quantity of ice in a pitcher of water to keep it covered with this. Having seen the article at the house of an Irish gentleman who always *qualified* cold water in a proper manner, I christened it "Paddy's Night-Cap." Ice-water kept in this way, and carried into my chamber at night, furnishes me with a cool drink in the morning. Let the readers try it.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Corn Cakes.—A recipe for these, said to have originated at the "Galt House," Louisville, Ky., has gone the rounds pretty extensively, and received frequent commendation. We have not had it tested, but give it for trial: Take butter and lard, of each a piece about the size of an egg, and mix well in 1 pint of Indian meal. Add sufficient boiling water to scald it, and afterward put in 3 eggs well beaten, and thin with sweet milk. Cook on a griddle, like buckwheat cakes, and serve up hot.

To Keep Worms out of Dried Fruit.—It is said that a small quantity of sassafras bark mixed with dried fruit will keep it free from worms for years. The remedy is easily obtained in many localities, and is well worthy an experiment, as it will not injure the fruit in any manner, if it does not prevent the nuisance.

Tomato Honey.—A. J. Gunnell, Rock Island Co., Ill., sends the following recipe, which he says is a very good substitute for honey: Cut sound ripe tomatoes in slices and express the juice through a cloth. To each pint of the liquid add one pint of sugar, and boil the whole until of the consistence of honey, removing the scum as it rises. It may be flavored with lemon or other extracts to suit the taste. The writer has tasted a very fine preparation of this kind, made from the European winter cherry or ground tomato, (*physalis alkekengi,*) which was an excellent sauce for blanc mange, puddings, etc.

Curing Green Beans for Winter Use.—Pick good, tender, sweet string beans, cut them into pieces about three-quarters of an inch in length, throw them into boiling water, let them stand five minutes; then, having the oven heated just hot enough to avoid burning the beans, spread on tin or earthen dishes, set them into the oven, and let them remain there till perfectly dry, when they should be put up in small bags, and hung in a cool dry place. When you wish to cook a mess of corn and beans, put them to soak over night in warm water, and cook them as usual.—*Country Gentleman.*

☞ Too Bad.—A gentleman from London, who has been pursuing his ichthyological studies on the rocks near Cohasset, for some days past, looked into our office this morning and asked us "whether the *last 'oy* is any relation to the *learned pig!*"—*Boston Transcript.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 53 letters.
My 52, 24, 15, 42, 7, 48, 33, is one of the great lakes.
My 44, 6, 36, 53, is the name of a bird.
My 2, 5, 46, 29, was a great man.
My 37, 26, 35, 2, 21, was a British general.
My 51, 45, 50, is a play for children.
My 1, 22, 39, is a whitish metal.
My 13, 40, 19, is a color.
My 4, 5, 34, is one of the planets.
My 6, 23, 41, 32, 18, is one of the planets.
My 28, 42, 29, is made in large quantities in North Carolina.
My 36, 31, 38, is a certain number.
My 25, 12, 27, is another name for a drunkard.
My 47, 19, is a pronoun.
My 16, 23, 9, is used in stormy weather.
My 43, 11, 17, was an American general.
My 15, 3, 49, is a kind of fowl.
My 45, 23, 39, 1, 42, 23, 9, 53, 23, was a Mexican general.

My whole was a glorious event that took place during the Revolution. GEO. IRWIN.
Pittsburg, Pa.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 4, 25, 18, 21, 11, 7, 28, 6, is a river in North Carolina.
My 4, 8, 31, 6, 24, 29, is a county in North Carolina.
My 27, 16, 29, 10, is a city in Soudan.
My 5, 8, 14, 21, 16, 29, 30, is a city in France.
My 32, 16, 29, 28, is a city in Arabia.
My 22, 31, 14, 17, 14, 25, 20, 24, 4, 2, 17, 9, is a city in Utah.
My 23, 13, 14, 26, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 10, 29, 19, 13, 29, is a river in Vermont.
My 4, 31, 11, 7, 1, 13, 29, 19, 2, 3, is a county in Vermont.
My 10, 17, 31, 24, 12, 13, is a county in New York.
My 6, 7, 29, 16, 20, 12, 5, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 8, 7, 15, is a river in Louisiana.

My whole is a recent event exciting much attention. J. H. BUNDY.
Salem, Wis.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Near the city, in the road,
Passing with a heavy load,
My first is bringing food;
Should my second chance to break,
'Twould likely cause the load to shake,
And change the driver's mood.

My first can never be complete,
Unless my whole correct and neat,
Is put in its right place;
Therefore my second you must take,
If you desire my first to make,
Which is perhaps the case.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first you'll see in every town
And country now-a-days;
My second is "a favorite,"
At least so Webster says.
My whole, though 't does no harm to thee,
You often beat it shamefully.

RIDDLE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 1st is in the grain, but not in the wheat;
My 2d is in the pig, but not in the meat;
My 3d is in the grape, but not in the vine;
My 4th is in the juice, but not in the wine;
My 5th is in the oak, but not in the tree;
My 6th is in the mountain, but not in the sea;
My 7th is in the ocean, but not in the bay;
My 8th is in the grass, but not in the hay.
My whole is a name in The Post you oft see.
Now pray, my dear reader, can you tell it to me?
Batavia, Kane Co., Ill. G. L. E.

ANAGRAMS.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Brush pile.	Starch men.
Priests never eat.	Mean lard.
Treason.	I search.
Try a note.	Creditors.
Sorrel Goats.	A great din.
Very sour.	No taste, sir.

St. Louis, Mo. JOHN BAYHA.

GEOMETRICAL QUESTION.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The two shorter sides of a scalene triangle measure, the one 51 rods and the other 75 rods, and the diameter of the circumscribing circle exceeds the diameter of the inscribed circle by 49 perches. Required the third side? GEOMETRICUS.
Scrabble Hill, Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What tree represents a person who persists in incurring debts? Ans.—Willow (will owe.)

☞ Why does a sailor know that there is a man in the moon? Ans.—Because he has been to sea.

☞ Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Ans.—Because she ought to be "settled" when she arrives at maturity.

☞ What mechanical apparatus do the pretty bathers at Newport remind us of? Ans.—Diving-bell(e)s.

☞ Why is an elderly woman, who is troubled with pains in her limbs, and lives at the *bottom* of a house, like an elderly woman, in good health, who resides at the *top* of the same house? Ans.—Because they are both annoyed at having room at-tics (rheum-atics.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA — Metastasio the most illustrious poet of modern Italy. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—All is not gold that glitters. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. CHARADE—Sarah (S. A. R. A. H.) RIDDLE—The earth's axis. ANAGRAMS—Panther, monkey, elephant, horse, weasel, raccoon, rabbit, goat, hare, tapir, marmot, leopard. PROBLEM—138 477 gallons.

☞ Little do we know of the transformations that all objects undergo in the processes of nature. We never see a tear upon the cheek of a coquette without fancying that it may previously have fallen from the eyes of dozens of crocodiles.